THE

BANK NOTE,

OR,

LESSONS FOR LADIES,

A COMEDY,

IN

FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

PARTLY AN ALTERATION,

BY WILLIAM MACREADY.

LONDON:

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1759.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]

TO

MR. JOHNSTONE,

COMEDIAN.

DEAR SIR,

THE undiminiſhed friendſhip I have experienced on many occaſions, particularly your bringing forward the only efforts I have ever made in literature (if I may uſe the expreſſion) induces me to offer you this tribute of regard and gratitude as a trifling acknowledgement for the ſteady and invariable partiality you have ſhewn to,

DEAR SIR,

Your ſincere friend,

And humble ſervant,

W. M'CREADY.

30th May, 1795.
22 Charles Street.

* The Iriſhman in London, and the Bank Note, were firſt performed on nights appropriated for the benefit of MR. JOHNSTONE.

PREFACE.

AFTER attentively perusing the Play, on which this Comedy is chiefly founded, the idea occurred that some of it might be adapted to the stage. Its original state totally precluding it from representation, encouraged M'Cready to make the attempt, he selected parts of it, varied the plot, added characters, and formed the present piece, which from the great applause it has been honor'd with in representation, he now presumes to give the public; with thanks to the performers in general, for their kind and spirited exertions.

PROLOGUE,

Written by W. T. FITZGERALD, ESQ.

AND SPOKEN BY MR. MACREADY.

FEW will their follies or their faults allow,
If ſtern inſtruction bears an haughty brow,
But when the muſe unfolds the drama's page,
And gives a moral leſſon from the ſtage
Our pride, ſo prone to take alarms at reſt
And vice abaſh'd unplumes her gawdy creſt.
To night our author ſhews a female mind
(For friendſhip, love, and tenderneſs deſign'd)
Seduc'd by imitation's tyrant power
To yield to every faſhion of the hour:
Horſes the day, and cards the night employ
And leave no time for one domeſtic joy:
The ſoft endearments of connubial life,
That bleſs the mother, and adorn the wife:
The ſmile which health and innocence ſupply,
Are ever ſtrangers to her haggard eye.
Yet may we hope this giddy town can boaſt
Some who defy great Pharoah, and his hoſt;
Who think that life can ſweeter joys afford
In friendly converſe at the ſocial board,
Than in the dull monotony of play
Shuffling for ever cards and life away.
The muſe diſguſted ſhuns a ſcene like this,
And turns to proſpects of a nation's bliſs.
Brunſwick poſſeſs'd a treaſure good and fair
And gave that *treaſure* up to *England's heir.*
Oh! may their joys with every hour encreaſe,
And their ſweet union be the pledge of peace,
May nuptial love a laſting wreath entwine,
To bind the hearts of GEORGE and CAROLINE;
And let them to make happineſs their own
Copy the bright example on the throne.
Our bards bank note for currency, muſt wait
On your opinion, which decides its fate;
It's credit firm as England's bank ſhall ſtand,
If once ſupported by your notes of hand.

EPILOGUE,

Written by Dr. HOULTON,

AND

SPOKEN BY Mrs. MATTOCKS.

AS the grave philoſophers the fact pronounce
That none grow *diſſipated* all at once,
For me t'aſſert it ſurely is no crime,
That thoroughly to reclaim—*requires time:*
Can't I, then—thrown ſo artfully to night,
From faſcinating pleaſures' giddy height,
Reform by *ſlow degrees, that* fault or *this,*
Yet ſip, mean while, o' the cup of former bliſs!
Triſle at *guinea loo*—or take a peep
At *Faro's Hoſt,* while *ſpouſy* is aſleep!
Slip t'a *maſquerade*—merely to bow t'ye——
Or juſt ſtep in t'a *rout*—by way of "How d'ye"!
It muſt be ſo!—I can't at once reſign
All the enchantments of a TOWN DIVINE——
Whoſe dear—ecſtatic—never ceaſing RATTLE
O lud—lud—lud!—all night wou'd make me prattle!

This love of *buſtle, ſound* and *noiſe,* I fear
Does early captivate the female ear;
For ere our little tongues one word can ſpeak,
How pleas'd we hear a rattle at our cheek!
And how do Miſs—long ere to woman grown,
Cry—"Dear, Papa!—lets rattle up to town;"
Arriv'd—and dreaming ſoon of love, and marriage,
Vows ſhe'll wed none—who cannot keep a carriage:—
A *carriage,* cries mama!—my ſweet girl fix
Nobly to *rattle* in a coach and fix.

A title gain'd—ſhe drives from ſcene to ſcene,
The *pride* of *faſhion*—and of *taſte* the *queen*——
To court—rout—ball—to opera and play—
And each gay ſpot where rapture holds her ſway;—

EPILOGUE.

At laſt to *gaming* drawn—and grown leſs nice,
She dearly loves the *rattle* of the *dice*,
Spouſy a whiſper gets—and o'th' effront'ry!
Next day ſends madam rattling to the country,
He ſpeedy follows—but to his coſt ere long,
Finds that a *wife* can rattle with her *tongue*;
D'ye hear *this*, Mr. BLOOMFIELD, (*ſpeaking loud at ſide wing*)
keep me in town,
Or this *priv'lege* of *ſex* I'll carry down!
Like Mrs. *Sullen* if you make me wear
Uneaſy chains—their rattle you ſhall hear.

Enough of rall'ry——prudence if we employ,
Each rational pleaſure we may all enjoy.
Tis *ſad extravagance* that gives th' *alloy*.

TO THE AUDIENCE.

Convinc'd of this—kind friends ſupport our cauſe.
And oh!—let's hear your rattle of applauſe.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Charles Leslie	Mr. Holman.
Mr. Bloomfield	Mr. Middleton.
Father	Mr. Hull.
Lieutenant Selby	Mr. Macready.
Ned Dash	Mr. Fawcett.
Mr. Hale	Mr. Quick.
Killeavy	Mr. Johnstone.
Tim (Servant to Dash)	Mr. Townsend.
Careful (a Steward)	Mr. Powell.
Young Bloomfield	Miss Standen.
Mr. Bloomfield's Servant	Mr. Abbot.
Porter	Mr. Coombs.
Gentleman	Mr. Platt.
Cook	Mr. Ledger.
Butler	Mr. Williamson.

Visitors,—Gentlemen, Ladies, &c. &c.

Lady Supple	Mrs. Davenport.
Mrs. Bloomfield	Mrs. Mattocks.
Miss Russel	Miss Wallis.
Miss Emma Hale	Miss Hopkins.
Sally Flounce	Mrs. Lee.
Maid	Mrs. Norton.
Gentlewoman	Mrs. Follett.

THE

THE

BANK NOTE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Park.*

Enter Mr. BLOOMFIELD, *and* Servant.

Mr. BLOOMFIELD.

WELL, well, I am coming; there's no occasion for all this bustle.

Ser. Lord, Sir, he's gone, I'm afraid;

Bloom. No, that he is not, if you left him with Emma—a lover and his mistress are not so easily separated—I knew I was right—here they come.

Enter SELBY *and* EMMA.

So Selby, the hour's arrived. [*Exit Servant.*

Selby. 'Tis, that hour which calls me from friends; from home, from my love.

Emma. Oh heavens! must you, will you leave me?

Bloom. Will he? most assuredly, therefore think not of his going, but console yourself with the pleasing hope of his return.

Emma. Ah, Sir, 'tis easier far to council than to act, and every one's provided with wisdom that has not a share in the misfortune.

Selby. What! could my Emma wiſh me to ſtay and be branded with diſhonour?

Bloom. Not ſhe, indeed, ſhe'd ſooner loſe you for ever than think you a coward.

Emma. Woman as I am, the thought is hateful; yet, my Selby, preſerve yourſelf, let not impetuous zeal drive you into danger, do not ſeek wounds, for any drop of blood you loſe flows from your Emma's heart.

Selby. Fear not my love, I'll——

Bloom. Selby, take heed, my friendſhip cannot ſuffer you to incur cenſure; you ſhou'd be gone, a greater power than love commands.

Selby. True, I feel the reproach——

Emma. One moment ſtop and hear my reſolution in the preſence of our mutual friend; I voluntarily and ſolemnly pledge myſelf to exclude all ſociety till your return; nor do I bluſh to own my heart is, and ſhall continue yours.

Selby. Bewitching goodneſs!—Farewell—Shou'd our arms prove ſucceſsful, with what joy ſhall I return to Emma and my native place, or ſhould I fall, my laſt breath ſhall cry to heaven for bleſſings on my Emma, and victory to my ſovereign. [*Exit.*

Emma. Oh heavens! my poor heart.

Bloom. What! is this your boaſted reſolution? Theſe tears diſgrace the noble love you bear him.

Emma. They do, I own it—my Selby, I ſhall pray for your return, with the ſame fervency as departing ſinners offer their ſupplications for felicity hereafter. [*Exit.*

Bloom. Fortune! Fortune! Well may the world pronounce thee unkind, when merit and virtue are deſerted, while ingratitude and villainy revel in your ſmiles—Ha! here comes the gay, the elegant, ac-

compliſh'd, inconſtant, Sir Charles Leſlie, who happily blends gallantry, mirth, and bravery, with every amiable qualification, and notwithſtanding all his levity, has a ſoul ſuſceptible of friendſhip, and a heart capable of every noble act.

Enter Sir CHARLES LESLIE.

Sir Cha. Bloomfield! who expected to have ſeen you quit the matrimonial yoke thus early? Prodigious! Turtles will ceaſe to coo, and the waking nightingale forget to ſing, when thus by break of day you leave the downy bed of love.

Bloom. Sir Charles, 'twas in obedience to the call of friendſhip I deſerted my pillow.—Poor George Selby and the regiment he belongs to were this morning under marching orders.

Sir Cha. Selby? I don't know him.

Bloom. The loſs is yours. He has ſo much worth and honour, that if you knew him as well as I do, you'd love him as well as I do, were merit any title to advancement, he ſhould be a general, but fortune often beſtows preferment where 'tis leaſt deſerv'd.

Sir Cha. Why never introduce me to him?

Bloom. Becauſe his lieutenancy being his ſole property, he liv'd within bounds, and devoted his time chiefly to the woman of his heart with whom he has juſt now parted. *His* poverty and her father's avarice are the only bars to their union.

Sir Cha. He ought to thank his poverty for keeping at a diſtance a greater evil.

Bloom. Come, come, Sir Charles. Matrimony is like hazard, there are mains——

Sir Cha. Ay, and chances too, you have made a very juſt ſimile. Dice and marriage are two things

I could preach upon whole nights together, 'tis hard to diſtinguiſh which are worſt, the pride, folly, and extravagance of a wife, or the rattling of a box and dice, whoſe noiſe proclaims that the infatuated idiot is forcing into a priſon himſelf, and providing alms-houſes for the reſt of his family—Theſe ideas ſet liberty and intereſt at war within me to determine which ſhall conquer, *ruin* or the *widow*.

Bloom. Wouldn't you be content this inſtant to go to church with her?

Sir Cha. Yes, upon condition I might follow her in a month to the church-yard—Marry her—horrid!—then I muſt not be commonly civil to a pretty girl, or I ſhall be look'd on by her father and mother worſe than a tax-gatherer in a country village, and all this for an ugly woman, nay, what's worſe, an old woman!—No, no, matrimony and the country are two things on which we ſhall never think alike.

Bloom. Why object to the country? Can mankind have greater delight than in contemplating the works of nature?

Sir Cha. I contemplate the chief works of nature, fine women; in my opinion half a ſcore well dreſs'd ladies are infinitely ſuperior to a wilderneſs of ſycamores, oaks, or poplars; and I wou'd forego all the luxury of purling ſtreams, and chirping birds for that raviſhing muſic, the ruſtling of a ſilk petticoat.———

Bloom. You may rail againſt retirement and matrimony, yet I am miſtaken if you'll not ſhortly be reconcil'd to the latter, and that with Lady Supple; a widow poſſeſs'd of eighty thouſand pounds, and the redemption of your eſtate mortgag'd to her deceaſed huſband, you'd find much better than being eternally

eternally teaz'd with officers lurking about your houſe, and even your ſervants impudent for want of wages.

Sir Cha. To be ſure duns are intolerable, and when ſome poor devil of a tradeſman has told a lamentable tale of his diſtreſs, and that diſcharging my bill wou'd inſtantly relieve him and his indigent family, I have in deſperation flown to her, ſaid ten thouſand fine things, and told her as many lies as invention on the rack cou'd ſupply me with, but all wou'd not do.

Bloom. I fear you have a rival that has poſſeſs'd himſelf of her good opinion, and when once ſhe comes to fancy him ſeriouſly ſhe'll think no more of you, than of her dead huſband or his poor relations.

Sir Cha. You allude to that young fop, Sir Rakeiſh Spangle? They firſt met at the Opera where I ſhou'd have been to attend her, but the bottle deluded me till *twelve* that night, the dice till ſix in the morning, and bed till five next evening. At which time I dreſs'd, went to viſit her, and to my great ſurprize found him there. We tattled of indifferent things, but I ſoon perceiv'd my ſix months addreſs was all to no purpoſe.

Bloom. If you hope to gain her you muſt flatter—Oh! here comes your ſervant, ſeemingly in a great hurry, ſomething has happened.

Sir Cha. Don't be alarm'd—He is ever buſy about nothing—He is a moſt extraordinary fellow. He formerly liv'd with an actor, and has pick'd up quotations which he eternally miſapplies. I wou'd part with him, but he is ſo attach'd to me; and when the other ſervants are teazing for wages, he begs I'll take the trouble of keeping *his* till he wants it.

Enter

Enter KILLEAVY.

Kill. Sir, Sir, Sir.—

Sir Cha. What ails the fellow?

Kill. Beg pardon, Sir, but yonder is the tame wild duck we have been catching theſe two months without being once able to lay our hands on her.

Sir Cha. Where? ha! 'tis ſhe by heaven—the adorable ſhe!

Bloom. She! What ſhe?

Sir Cha. Oh! the ſhe that—a—I can't tell, but I muſt follow her.

Bloom. Follow her, Where?

Sir Cha. I don't know.

Bloom. Where did you ſee her?

Sir Cha. In the ſtreet.

Bloom. What ſtreet.

Sir Cha. This—That—The—I don't remember—Farewell.

Bloom. Stay.—What's her name?

Sir Cha. I never could find out—but now I hope I ſhall diſcover all. Adieu. [*Exit* SIR CHA.

Bloom. Killeavy do you know the lady?

Kill. Yes, ſir, that I do; yet I can't ſay exactly what ſhe is, only ſhe's fleſh and blood—Sometimes I think ſhe's a fairy, for I no ſooner catch a hold of her, but ſhe flies away, and 'tis impoſſible to know where ſhe's going, or how to find her when ſhe is gone.

Bloom. Oh! ſome jilt or other.

Kill. Jilt! ſhe's a very handſome jilt then, ſir—but I ſhall loſe ſight of 'em, and then woe betide me for not being ready at her heels to follow her from Mercer's ſhop to Mercer's ſhop; the Park, the Play; and all public places, let them be ever ſo private;

private; then ſir, after five or ſix hours jaunt—She whips away like Will o' th' Wiſp in a fog; leaves me in broad day light like a fool in the dark to return to my maſter, and be heartily bleſs'd with curſes for my pains.

Bloom. Tell him, ſhou'd he enquire for me, I ſhall be at home.

Kill. Yes, ſir, he'll not be long diſengag'd with the lady, I'll anſwer, ſir. She'll ſoon give us both the ſlip, and then I ſhall pay for it. A diſappointed lover in his rage will ſtrike ſtone walls, and other animated creatures, much more a poor live footman—but as Gibbet ſays,

"My maſter is the goddeſs I adore,
"He plac'd me near his perſon, and thinks me
"much diſhonour'd by his ſervice."

Bloom. Ha! ha! ha! Why you're a child of the Muſes—quite a ſon of Theſpis, ha!

Kill. No, ſir, you have been miſinform'd, I am the only ſon and heir of Paddy Killeavy, and ſo is my five brothers and ſiſters.

Bloom. I mean, I think you are a perſon of underſtanding; a man of wit.

Kill. Lord ſir, no ſir; I've no pretentions that way, if I had any wit, I ſhou'd have left my place before I got into it.

Bloom. Why ſo, pray?

Kill. Becauſe, ſir, my maſter has turn'd away his eſtate, and 'tis not the faſhion now for wiſe men to hold places, when there is no hope of reward for their ſervices. [*Exit.*

Bloom. Poor Sir Charles! What a crime have I been guilty of in adviſing my friend to enter into that ſtate which to me is only productive of miſery; ſondly and tenderly doating on my wife I feel acceſſary

ceſſary to the ruin her extravagance muſt bring on us both. Balls, Routs, Operas, Maſquerades, and other exceſſes, now engage all thoſe moments which ought to be devoted to our mutual happineſs. In the Country ſhe appear'd like the genius of Virtue, and guardian of Innocence, diſperſing comfort and bleſſings. The widow ſmil'd under her protection; the orphan forgot its ſorrows, and the weakneſs of age, and infancy, was ſuſtain'd by her bounty. O for ſome gentle means to *reclaim her*, and make her virtuous mind return to its former purſuits. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to a different part of the PARK, *with various Walks.*

Enter LADY SUPPLE, *follow'd by* MISS RUSSEL.

Lady. Sup. For ſhame! I am amaz'd you have not more delicacy than to attack me in this publick manner; can'ſt thou think I trouble myſelf about right and wrong, child?—My lawyer tells me, all I at preſent poſſeſs is my own; and I have ſo entire a confidence in him, I can never alter or deviate from that opinion, Therefore I beſeech you don't incommode the ſerenity of my mind.

Miſs Ruſ. Keep down my ſwelling heart, and let tame patience ſpeak my wrongs; for wrongs like mine need not the force or fire of paſſion. My deceaſed father, madam, left me, an only child, and twenty thouſand pounds to the care of your rapacious huſband, who cruelly betray'd that generous confidence by ſaying one thouſand was more than the bequeſt, and with it baniſh'd me his dwelling; he dying, you became poſſeſs'd of all his ill-got wealth.

Lady Sup. Prodigious!

Miſs R. That ſum being now almoſt exhauſted, I ſee the monſter Penury approach with ſuch terror, that to you I once more appeal, and ſure my injuries muſt find redreſs, if miſery can touch your heart, and any ſpark of honor, honeſty, or tenderneſs remain there.

Lady. Sup. Tenderneſs for ſuch inſolence!

Miſs R. Do you think the injur'd will not ſpeak, that the oppreſs'd can ſleep on the hard ground, and never groan? Or, that ſufferings like mine can go untold? No—violence, oppreſſion and injuſtice will make ſilent meekneſs find a tongue to accuſe the unfeeling heart that wrongs an helpleſs Orphan.

Lady Sup. Bleſs me! What will become of me? I ſhan't recover my complexion, temper, health, and quiet theſe ſix months.

Miſs R. Six months! Not while you live, ſhall you know eaſe, or peace of mind, unleſs your wounded conſcience forces you to yield me up my right.

Lady Sup. Your right! Why your right is your poverty, and that I yield you.—Keep it—People that's wiſe never think now-a-days of right, or wrong, ſo they get money; but I can ſtay no longer to be entertain'd with your right, and conſcience.—Bawbles for children—Will conſcience keep a coach? Will conſcience buy a title? Will conſcience maintain an equipage? Will conſcience provide an elegant eſtate? No, no, conſcience;—It's like a negligee or long ruffles—quite out of faſhion.

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter SIR CHARLES LESLIE (*in haſte.*)

Sir Cha. Aye, here ſhe is. I thought ſhe had eſcap'd me again. Well encounter'd, Madam.

Miſs R. Sir!—how unlucky this, and my mind in ſuch a ſtate; but dear, kind, good ſpirits, on you muſt I rely. (*Aſide.*

Sir Cha. You ſee, madam, I am a true ſportſman, and never change my game.

Miſs R. But pray, ſir, don't you hunt more for the love of ſport, than for the ſake of the prey?

Sir Cha. No, by heaven. I lov'd you from the firſt moment I ſaw you, and have not ſince ſo much as dream'd, thought or look'd at any creature in petticoats but your dear ſelf.

Miſs R. Ah! poor gentleman! To fall under ſuch unhappy circumſtances, as to love, admire, nay adore the woman whoſe face you have hardly ſeen; her fortune and character unknown to you, but if you'd perſuade me to credit the aſſertion, you muſt wear your arms acroſs, ſigh, look diſmal, turn up your eyes now and then, hum a languiſhing air, appear confus'd, careleſs in your dreſs, pale-fac'd, ſpeak but little, and that abrupt ſentences, turn poet, and write ſoft ſonnets; but you are quite the oppoſite of all theſe, and appear like a ſturdy beggar, who aſks only for form's ſake, and wou'd, if you durſt, boldly rob to gratify your inclination.

Sir Cha. What then have you reſolv'd? Am I to hang, or drown myſelf?

Miſs R. Uſe your own diſcretion, ſir; juſt which you pleaſe.

Sir Cha. Come, come; as your beauty bred my affection, let your kindneſs nouriſh it—do, pr'ythee

pr'ythee acquaint me with your name that a mutual agreement may take place between Sir Charles Leſlie, baronet, of one part, and Miſs ——— or Lady ———, pray, ma'am, what do you call your name? on the other.

Miſs R. Really, Sir Charles, you are tolerably agreeable, and I deſign one time or other, to let you know, who thinks you ſo; but it ſhall not be until I am convinc'd you have not the leaſt penchant for any one but myſelf; then, I fancy I cou'd like you longer than a new ſuit, a fine chariot, a diamond necklace, or any other pretty little nick-nack.

Sir Cha. My future moments ſhall be devoted to you, and only you ———

Miſs R. Stop! ſtop, Sir Charles—your equipage, I'm told, is frequently ſeen waiting at a certain elderly lady's door, in ———

Sir Cha. Oh! the widow, Lady Supple you mean, ſurely, ſhe's the laſt thing of all her ſex, I would be thought to addreſs. Why ſhe's as diſguſting as the Frizeur's block, her head is dreſs'd upon, ay, and as much painted too.

Miſs R. Oh ſhame—And you'd have me believe you really admire me?

Sir Cha. By heavens, I do. Your charms like fate compel my trembling ſteps, and my fix'd eyes to gaze and follow where you fly.

Miſs R. Undone! As I live the man is in love. He begins to talk nonſenſe! then muſt I take my leave, and bid adieu for the preſent to Sir Charles the Inconſtant.

Sir Cha. Surely you won't be ſo cruel, as to carry away my heart and not even tell me where I may hear of it.

Miſs

Miſs R. I'll keep it ſafe for you: if you had it you'd beſtow it much worſe. Adieu, Sir Charles.

[*Exit up the walk.*

SIR CHARLES *(ſolus.)*

Adieu! nay now I have you in view, I ſhall not quit you till I have ſome ſatisfaction, I am determin'd. [*Exit after her.*

Enter KILLEAVY.

Kill. So, So, there they go. Indeed, Miſs, we have you ſnug; the devils in't if ſhe eſcapes us now! Hey day, here they come again, I muſt keep at a ſnug diſtance, and be quite cloſe to obſerve them. *(Retires.*

MISS RUSSEL *follow'd by* SIR CHARLES *(from top o' the ſtage.)*

Sir C. Confide in me ſo far—I'll prove conſtant as the ſun and daily pay my devoirs to you.

Miſs R. What ſhall I do! *(ſcreams.)* Undone, and ruin'd for ever!

Sir Cha. What's the matter, madam?

Miſs R. Mercy on me! I have loſt———

Sir Cha. What, madam?

Miſs R. My father's picture, which I value above all things in the world.

Sir Cha. How, or where did you loſe it?

Miſs R. I can't tell. I had it at the upper end of that walk!—Oh heavens!

Sir Cha. Nay, be not uneaſy: it cannot be loſt. Here Killeavy.

Kill. Sir.

Sir Cha.

Sir Cha. This lady has loſt a picture ſomewhere here.

Miſs R. Oh! the only relict of a deceaſed parent!

Sir Cha. I am diſtreſſed to ſee you ſo afflicted. It can't be loſt, madam; Killeavy go ſearch carefully up that walk, whilſt I ſeek in this.

[*Exit* SIR CHARLES.

Kill. Don't fret, madam; Oh, don't fret a vurneen.—May be you did not loſe it here; but whether you did or did not I be bound I'll find it for you. [*Exit.*

Miſs R. Oh! I ſhall never have a moment's eaſe unleſs—ha! ha! your moſt obedient, Sir Charles.

[*Makes her eſcape.*

KILLEAVY *returns.*

Kill. The devil a lady or gentleman's picture I can find, except——

Enter SIR CHARLES.

Sir Cha. Well, Killeavy, have you found it?—Where's the lady, ſirrah?

Kill. Where, ſir!—O ho! As uſual, ſir, becauſe we had her faſt ſhe's gone.

Sir Cha. Damnation, Villain!—fly and overtake her; or——

Kill. Lord, ſir, it's impoſſible; if you were to murder me, and then to divide me into as many pieces, as there are points in the globe, I could not catch her.

Sir Cha. Follow her, raſcal, quick as lightning.

Kill. Yes, ſir, yes,—which—a—now I'm ſure, I'll follow her the way ſhe didn't go. [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. Where can ſhe have eſcap'd to? Why does

does ſhe fly me thus? What can ſhe be?—She's a riddle made up of ſo many contradictions; that the whole ſex is but an epitome of her: She's ſerious, gay, and ſeemingly virtuous—Sometimes jiltiſh, young, and an appearance of diſcretion, now confidently pert, by and by very modeſt; ſhe has wit, good-humour, and ill-nature.—She has—yes, I feel—I am ſatisfied—ſhe has poſſeſſion of my heart.

Enter KILLRAVY.

Sir Cha. Well, ſir, have you overtaken her?

Kill. Overtaken her, ſir! I thought I did—but when I ſpoke to her, I found it was another parſon. Why, ſir, you might as ſoon overtake a Lapland witch poſting thro' the clouds on a broomſtick.

Sir Cha. By heavens! villain, you muſt have ſeen this lady: you are in league with her to impoſe upon me. I ſuppoſe ſhe bribes you to———

Kill. Bribes me! No, no, ſir; I'm above that I aſſure you, tho' I might take it very innocently without knowing what it was; for 'tis ſo long ſince I ſaw a guinea, the devil burn me if I recollect whether it's round or ſquare.

Sir Cha. Who can—Why does ſhe?—but rat her—I'll think no more of her—I'll take Bloomfield's advice and marry the widow. Attend me at Lady Supple's in an hour—Yes—I'll—I don't know what to do.—Let your wiſe men ſay what they will of our being lords of the creation, I am convinc'd they are wrong, for a woman is more than a match for any man in Chriſtendom. [*Exit.*

Kill. A woman more than a match. I can't think that, and I am certain, I'd be a beautiful match for Sally—She's a nice—O ſhe's a charm—I believe the

the gods have in futurity told and ordain'd that my maſter ſhould love Old Ugly always only that I might have an opportunity of being the chain'd down adorer of her maid; now I know ſhe'll be at the old-ſtory, and vow to marry me the moment I deſtroy myſelf for love of her—What an odd caper—She's ſo full of whims too—then the worſt of her is, to be quite genteel—ſhe deſpiſes the produce of her own country, and is fond of every thing foreign—I'll break her of that, or I'll break her delicate heart—Yes, yes, yes, we have enemies enough abroad without encouraging any within ourſelves. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.—LADY SUPPLE's *Dreſſing Room.*—SALLY *diſcover'd*—*Reading Don Quixote.*

Sally. Oh! the dear fellow!—What a pity he wasn't killed!—I wou'dn't care a farthing for a ſweet-heart that wou'd refuſe to die for me.—— There is my dear Mr. Killeavy, I do think he'll be perſuaded,—then another thing makes me love him,—He's *not Engliſh.*—That's ſo elegant.—How charmingly my lady's lover Sir Rakeiſh Spangle looks;—but I ſhould like him ſtill better, if he did not ſpeak our common language.—

Enter Servant.

Servant. A letter for Mrs. Flounce.

Sally. Let's ſee.—(*exit Servant.*)—Oh! what a ſeal!—a heart ſtuck with darts, like pins in a pincuſhion. (*Reads*)

" Thou faireſt of the fair.——I ſend you this
" by the Penny-Poſt,—and if the letter
" carrier does not give it to you directly, run
" to the Poſt-office to enquire for it, and then
" we'll be ſure to meet, for I am going to
" your houſe immediately, where I hope
" you'll receive with exſtacy, your ever
" agreeable and tranſported,
" *William Killeavy.*"

Pſhaw!—what ſignifies tranſported, it would be ſomething indeed if he had been hang'd,—or ſhot,—or——

Enter

Enter KILLEAVY.

Kill. I wiſh he was with all my heart.—If the raſcal is troubleſome to you,—who is he, my pett?

Sally. Who?—why a perſon that pretends to love me.

Kill. Oh, then I join you with all my heart,—and wiſh he was hang'd, ſhot, cut in ſmithereens, or—

Sally. Ha! ha! ha! that's a very good Joke,—why it was yourſelf I meant.

Kill. A good joke to ſee me hang'd, or cut up.—Well, what an ignorant raſcal I am.—So a thing that makes one wretched, is—a—by the powers, *I* thought a good joke was an action that caus'd mirth and delight to all parties.

Sally. Oh you fool, among ſome people nothing's a joke, but what's malicious, and hurts the feelings of intimate friends, or brings a burning bluſh into the cheeks of innocence and virtue.

Kill. Ay! this is all new, but every thing is ſo chang'd, that curſe me if I know what to make of the place, or the people, ſuch faſhions! nothing looks like what it is, the men are all women, and the women are all men;—formerly they uſed to marry in order to love, and keep cloſe to one another,—but now they are always walking together in ſeparate places, and their beds are ſo large, that it ſeems as if they only went together to keep aſunder.

Sally. You know nothing of taſte—you——

Lady Sup. (*without.*) Where is Flounce?

Sally. Heavens!—here is my lady.

Kill. Well, ſuppoſe ſhe is,—I'm waiting for my maſter.

Sally. What in her dreſſing room! here—ſtep in, or I'm ruin'd—ſhe'll not remain long.—Don't ſtir till I come to releaſe you.—Oh make haſte or—Oh, dear!—

Kill. Well,—"Weep not my fair."—

Sally. I'm not weeping,—I ſay, go in.—

Kill. I came to tell you—"Your lady approaches like the rugged Pruſſian bear."—

Sally. I tell you, go in,—or I ſhall be diſcharg'd. [*puſhes him into a cloſet.*

Enter LADY SUPPLE.

Lady Sup. What impertinence am I fatigu'd with,—*that* Sophia Ruſſel has ſo derang'd me.—Where's the ſal volatile?——

Sally. Here, ma'am.

Lady Sup. Oh, dear; I wou'dn't for all my jointure, that any of my admirers, were to ſee me ſo diſconcerted.

Sally. Law ma'am, I ſhou'd not mind any of them ſeeing me, except Sir Rakeiſh Spangle.—He is worth being uneaſy about, if I was your ladyſhip, I'd prefer *him* to all the reſt, for ſurely he's handſomer than Sir Charles Leſlie, and I am certain he's much richer; then as for old Mr. Hale, there can be no———

Lady Sup. An idiot to think of me.—Does he imagine I ſhould ſacrifice my fortune, life, and—(if this glaſs don't flatter,) I may *ſtill* ſay beauty, to ſuch a crabbed old mortal, what return cou'd I poſſibly hope from him?

Sally. Why, the return an old man generally makes;—he'll prefer you to the office of being his nurſe, my lady.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Servant. Here's your ladyſhip's Nephew, maſter Neddy Daſh.

Lady Sup. Shew him up.

Servant. He's here, madam.

Daſh. (*without*) Come Tim, and I'll enquire where you'll place the gig.—(*they enter.*)

(*Tim brings on a portmanteau, ſword and cane.*) My dear Aunt I rejoice to ſee you, and am your truly devoted, and obedient ſlave.

Lady Sup. My dear nephew, I am very glad to ſee you; I hope you have brought manners, and good breeding from the Academy?

Daſh. Yes, Aunt, I flatter myſelf—I—a—I've had ſinging, fencing, and dancing maſters.—At the aſſembly laſt week I was all the choice, ſo damn'd graceful in my allemandes and cotillions—I did ſpring from the floor, not a ſoul cou'd riſe like me.

Tim. That's true, his honour was always up by break o'day.

Daſh. Hold your tongue, ſtifle the fellow,—I mean riſing high in my dancing.

Tim. Yes, his honour jumps like our Jack-Daw, that has one wing cut.

Lady Sup. Could not you have ſelected another ſort of ſervant, Nephew?

Daſh. Excuſe him, Aunt. He's ignorant, but very honeſt.—He ſhall refine.—He muſt, ſtifle me. I'll have him taught to read and ſo forth; then he'll be wiſe, as well as honeſt.

Lady Sup. You are very kind to him, poor creature.

Tim. So he is, your ladyſhip, and when I learn to be wiſe,—if I don't forget to be honeſt—'twill be very well.—Where ſhall I put your honour's gig?

Daſh. Aunt can you accommodate?—'Tis the nice thing,—muſt not be expos'd to the weather.

Lady Sup. I dare ſay there's room in my coach-houſe.—Flounce take him to the groom, and he'll diſpoſe of 'em.

Sally. Yes, ma'am. Come along you,—a—where did you grow, I wonder? Come quickly, for if any of our viſitors ſhou'd ſee ſuch a mungrel, they'd be—come along, I ſay.—

Tim. Yes, ma'am, I'm coming,—I'm coming ma'am, if you'd ſee me dreſs'd, you wou'dn't look ſo croſs,—no, nor think me ſuch a *gawvil*; then you'd ſay I was as handſome a lad as ever peep't out of a ſuit of clothes. [*Exit with Sally.*

Daſh. Be ſure to take care of Prancer.—Well, my dear Aunt, I ſuperabundantly rejoice to ſee you,—ſtifle me, but you look moſt delightfully.—Damme, if ſhe is not uglier than ever; but I muſt hum the old Tabby! (*aſide.*)

Lady Sup. Why, conſidering all—I have fretted, 'tis wonderful that I have preſerv'd my looks. And indeed you ſeem greatly alter'd, I ſhou'd ſcarcely have known you, quite a new being.

Daſh. New! I proteſt, ma'am,—I don't know myſelf.—Bleſs me—I vow to gad—I have forgot where the Bank ſtands, may I be ſtifled, if the Exchange is not a mere bear-garden, all noiſe and confuſion.—Stew me, madam, if I don't think you have ſav'd me from ruin.

Lady Sup. Indeed, I think the education of youth ſhou'd never be neglected.

Daſh.

Daſh. Abſolutely, had I remained in the city behind a counter, I ſhould never have been fit for any thing but an alderman, or a juſtice of peace. Oh, horrid, filthy, quite a bore, ſtifle me.

Lady Sup. Yet, my dear nephew, I know nothing better than trade and buſineſs for a young man.

Daſh. Certainly 'tis very well, in ſome caſes for heavy plodding inanimate ſtupid ſouls, ſtiver cramp'd geniuſes without eſtates; then trade is very proper; but fellows with exalted notions, great ſpirits, little underſtandings, and large fortunes, all of which I poſſeſs ſo amply, or, I *ſhall* poſſeſs, being your heir—

Lady Sup. I once had ſome ſuch thought, but I am half prevail'd on to liſten to the perſuaſions and ſolicitations of one of my ſuitors, and enter into the happy enjoyment of connubial love.

Daſh. What?—con—nu—love,—here's a rig,—why, ſtifle me.—What's this?—I thought you never meant to love any thing but *me.*

Lady Sup. Thoſe *were* my ſentiments, 'tis true, nephew; but Sir Charles Leſlie, Mr. Hale, and Sir Rakeiſh Spangle, are tormenting me—eternally ſaying, how wrong I ſhould be to deprive mankind of my ſociety.

Daſh. Your money they mean, but ſure you're not ſuch a young one, not ſuch a greenhorn, to be had?

Lady Sup. I don't well underſtand you, but know that this day, I mean to determine on an alliance either with Sir Charles Leſlie, or Sir Rakeiſh Spangle.

Daſh. What! the Fop I ſaw with you at the Opera.—Why he's no bigger than a wax-doll.—If he's your purchaſe, you're out I tell you.—Stifle me, but ou have bought at the top of the

market, and when ſtocks fall you'll be damn'd mad at your bargain.

La. Sup. Inſolence! ſince you provoke me, know that I will marry.

Daſh. So will I, if that be all, Dowager.

La. Sup. I hope you'll aſk my conſent?

Daſh. Not I—you don't aſk mine; and as to your graſshopper, Sir Rakeiſh—

La. Sup. I ſay, ſir—

Daſh. Damme, if I care three per cent what you ſay—perhaps I'll convince you this houſe is mine, my father left it in truſt for me, with your late huſband, your own lawyer ſays, he knows every foot of the Terra firma, and the Tirra inſcripta—He's a deviliſh honeſt fellow. He offer'd to inſure it all to me if I'd give him half.

La. Sup. Villain, have you been tampering with my lawyer? what a world! at the very moment that I was thinking of your welfare—I intended you ſhould marry that *charming*, *amiable* girl, Sophia Ruſſell, and would have given five hundred pounds between you, with which you might have taken a ſhop, and——

Daſh. Shop! Wife!—five hundred pounds—that's good—No, no; I have had a taſte of what it is to be a gentleman, yes, and I've got ſome hints about my eſtate, I know what it is, where it is, and how much it is—Mr. Demur is my friend. He'll pilot me into this houſe, and all the reſt of my property—I'll go to law, ſtifle me, but I'll go to law.

La. Sup. Is this your gratitude for my care of your education, and morals? out of pure humanity to—

Daſh. Yes, your *humanity* would leave me as it has Miſs Ruſſel;—but law, O glorious law, and glorious

glorious lawyers; yes, yes, they'll ſhew me the ſtraight road into my property through Chancery-lane.

La. Sup. They'll be apter to ſhew you the ſtraight road into the Fleet through chancery-lane.

Daſh. We'll ſee that; indeed, old one, we've twigg'd you.

La. Sup. Old one, monſtrous impudence, you take theſe liberties becauſe I'm an unprotected woman; but, perhaps before to-morrow, you may hear of a perſon being maſter of this houſe, that ſhall ſecure me from ever being troubled with your impertinence. [*Exit.*]

Daſh. Maſter of this—O d—mme, but I'll keep poſſeſſion, I'll go to law.

Enter MISS RUSELL.

Ah! my laſs of ſpirit; how do you do? how do you do? I haven't ſeen you this age; my aunt wants me to merry you, but I won't, not I; no. "I'll rove and I'll range; I'll love and I'll change." That's my way; beſides, I'm to have a great fortune, and you know you are ſtiver cramp'd, you haven't a ſhilling.

Miſs R. Wretch! upbraid me with my poverty, that poverty which the credulity of a noble minded, unſuſpecting parent has brought on me. I now come for the laſt time to require juſtice from the hands of your cruel aunt—ſhould ſhe refuſe——

Daſh. Apply to me.

Miſs R. Never, my ſoul muſt ſpurn an obligation where I ſcorn even an acquaintance; no, my next appeal ſhall be very different, thank heaven, I enjoy the bleſſing of reſiding in a country, where the law provides a guardian for the fatherleſs; who, with a parent's care, redreſſes the complaints of oppreſſed, helpleſs orphans.

Daſh. What you'll go to law? That's right; it's, the

the only way to manage this old quiz. Life muſt be ſupported; I'll tell you how I live, I gallant all day, drink all night, walk the ſtreets, break lamps, kick up rows, (I'm firſt at a row,) how they do ogle me in the theatres—the women, ay, and the men too, they're all afraid of me. The moment I go into a box. Off the party ſet to another, all owing to my way, the careleſs twirl of my ſtick. Two watches! glaſs, look bold, courageous and negligent, juſt as if I cou'd cane a man without being out of humour.

Miſs R. I dare ſay you are very courageous, that is, if courage conſiſts in boaſting to women of exploits that never happen'd; inſulting them, and ſhrinking from any man that has honour to defend or protect 'em.

Daſh. What's that you ſay? ſhrink—ſtay, till Mr. Demur gets my fortune, then I'll— damme, I wiſh I was a captain—I believe, I'll go into the army. I'll be a great officer. How I'll command and ſtrut, and—don't you think ſo, my love.

Miſs R. Don't miſtake, ſir; a good ſoldier is polite, brave, humane and generous. He holds his life dear only to offer it in the ſervice of his king and country. Pray where is lady Supple? I muſt ſee her.

Daſh. She's in the next room; but you ſhan't ſtir; don't mind her; I'll take a ſnug houſe, that's my way: I'm a man of honour; I told you I ſhould not marry—but———

Miſs R. Stop, thou reptile; let me paſs this inſtant, or I'll call for aſſiſtance.

KILLEAVY *comes from the door.*

Kill. And aſſiſtance you ſhall have whether you call for it or not. Ha!—Well, to be ſure; O may be it's not our own tame wild duck.

Daſh. Eh! what!—who's this?

Kill. Who? why me, to be ſure; who the devil elſe cou'd it be? What ails you, ma'am?

Miſs R. Dare to talk to me in a ſtile——

Kill. Oh, the—damme, if I know what to call him—a beaſt—ſure that's a human creature muſt love and regard a pretty woman. Come, madam, with your leave, I'll be after handing you from this agreeable villain, to the care of Sir Charles Leſlie.

Miſs R. As I live, 'tis Sir Charles's man, now I am diſcover'd.

Daſh. You hand her! I command you to quit the houſe, and leave the lady as you found her.

Kill. To be ſure, ſir; yes, you ſhall ſee me go directly, exit ſignum, but if this lady chuſes, or wiſhes to be of my party, ſhe moſt aſſuredly ſhall go out of this room with me all alone by herſelf.

Daſh. Shall ſhe? [*Drawing the ſword which Tim brought in with the portmanteau.*] Now reſign the lady, or elſe—d-mme, but the ſun ſhall ſhine through you this inſtant.

Miſs R. Oh, heavens! leave me, ſir, pray do?

Kill. Pray, ma'am, diſcompoſe yourſelf;—though *you* ſtand arm'd there, before me, noneſt inventus, if you were my own mother, and to behave ſo, I'd tell you plainly you're no gentleman. Oh! I wiſh there was an act of parliament againſt any man's wearing a ſword that cou'd draw it in a bad cauſe.

Daſh. Come, no rudeneſs, acknowledge what brought you here. Give up the lady, and beg pardon this moment.

Miſs R. Pray do, ſir.

Kill. Madam, if you gave me a thouſand worlds, I cou'd not ſay, "Sir, I beg your pardon"—but I'll ſettle it this way. We'll talk a little jocoſely.

Daſh.

Daſh. By heaven's, I'll run you through—take care—there's no jeſting with edge tools.

Kill. Well, I think it's better jeſting, than being in earneſt with 'em. So, ſir, if you pleaſe. I'll tell you how—a—this lady is in love. No, my maſter, no, not that: 'tis my friend Horatio, loves—the—he's running away every where, and I'm running after him. He's like Cleopatra, walking up ſilver in cinders to meet Mr. Marc Antony. There ſhe ſtands, only look. (*During this ſpeech he approaches Daſh, and ſeizes his ſword.*) Now I believe the ſun will ſhine through *you*.

Miſs R. Oh, ſir, don't kill him, 'twill be cruel.

Daſh. Cruel! damme, 'twill be murder, ſure you wou'dn't be ſo mean, ſo ungenteel, was there ever ſuch a thing—Draw on an unarm'd, defenceleſs man. Throw away the ſword and then——

Kill. There, and what then?

Daſh. Why then; I'll give you my addreſs. Where is yours?

Kill. Mine is and ever ſhall be to him that could inſult an innocent female—This. (*canes him.*) How he canters. Do you think I'm to leather you by the mile? this fellow has run heats at the Curragh or New Market, but I'll—

Miſs R. Hold, ſir, hold, for heaven's ſake.

Kill. I aſk your pardon, madam, for the liberty I have taken of duſting his jacquet in your preſence: but I have done, though a little more of it would be of great ſervice to him.

Daſh. Stifle me, if you're a gentleman, there's my card, that's my way.

Miſs R. He is out of danger. I'll make my eſcape. Fortune I once more thank thee. [*Exit.*

Kill. Card. (*Reads*) "Sett pin—ſilver buckles—four guineas!" Why this addreſs is a pawn-broker's ticket.

Daſh

Daſh. A pawn-bro—death and hell—ſome *raſcal* has put it in my pocket.

Kill. Raſcal! that you may ſwear, for it was your own ſweet ſcented ſelf. Don't you think ſo, madam? Ha! Where is the lady.

Daſh. Lady! he's a terrible paſſionate fellow!

Kill. Villain! Where's the lady?

Daſh. I don't know!

Kill. Who is ſhe?——

Daſh. I don't know.

Kill. What's her name?

Daſh. I don't know.

Kill. What brought her here?

Daſh. I don't know.

Kill. Was there ever ſuch an intelligent raſcal? I believe you've pawn'd her. How—What—Where are you? [*Exit* DASH.

Daſh. (*without.*) I don't know.

Enter SIR CHARLES LESLIE.

Sir Cha. What's the matter?

Kill. Oh, ſir, I've catch'd the lady?

Sir Cha. What lady?

Kill. Oh you know, the tame Wild Duck.

Sir Cha. Ha! Where is ſhe?

Kill. She's here—that is—ſhe's juſt gone this moment.

Sir Cha. Which way?

Kill. The devil a know I know ſir—but here ſhe was, and there I was, and there he was, behaving clandecently; and when I had her to a certainty in my hands, I found ſhe was off again, gone, and ſo here I am *ſolus omnes.*

Sir Cha. 'Sdeath, ſir, why didn't you come and tell me.

Kill.

Kill. Lord, ſir, when I was with her, how cou'd I be with you! Sure I cou'dn't be in two places at one time unleſs I was a bird.

Sir Cha. Can you give no account of her? I muſt purſue her: ſhe cannot be out of the neighbourhood. Follow me.

Kill. Sir, ſir, didn't you come to ſee the Old Lady Supple with her beautiful caſh?

Sir Cha. Damn the Old——— [*Exit.*

Kill. Och honey, with all my heart. The devil fire the old—ſtop maſter Billy—She's a woman, and don't abuſe her. Oh, the darling babbies with their coaxings, and their wheedlings, and their little noſes turn'd up, and their ſcolding ſo ſweetly, who'd abuſe or be angry with them? Sure, we know all the time what they're about, poor things, myſelf doats upon 'em; by—a—the *honeſteſt man* in the world, that behaves like a rogue to a woman muſt be a downright villain. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.——*a Street.*

Enter MISS RUSSELL.

Miſs R. I can hardly think myſelf ſafe; that poor honeſt fellow—I'm inclin'd to think, his maſter, Sir Charles, loves me, and could I recover from that avaricious Lady Supple even a part of what I am juſtly entitled to, he ſhould not long remain ignorant of my name, my fortune, or the ſtate of my heart, for his ſake I believe I muſt try to obtain by ſtratagem what I never can expect from her juſtice. As I live, yonder comes Sir Charles. He has not ſeen me. I'll make this effort, tho' a deſperate one

to

to avoid him. [*Knocks at a door.* Servant *enters.*] I desire instantly to speak with your lady.

[*Goes in with* Servant.

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Ah! madam, have I caught you. Here, she went in. I'll follow—hold, hold! this may not be her house—I'll watch her coming out—no, that might be too long to wait; I'll boldly ask to see her. [*Knocks.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Servant, sir.

Sir Cha. Sir, your servant—pray, sir—e—

Serv. What's your business, sir? Did you want my master?

Sir Cha. No, good sir, I wanted your mistress.

Serv. Oh! my young lady, is it, sir, you want?

Sir Cha. Upon my soul I can't tell. Yes, yes, I believe it is.

Serv. I don't imagine, indeed, sir, I'm sure she'll not see you, sir, (Sir Charles *gives money,*) but if you please to walk into the parlour, I'll go and try.

Sir Cha. Much oblig'd to you. Say, I must speak with her.

Serv. I shall, sir.

Sir Cha. Yes, I have her now—providentially—happy discovery. [*Exit following the* Servant.

SCENE III.—*The Inside of* Mr. Hale's *House.*

Enter Emma *and* Miss Russell.

Miss R. You're excusing this intrusion, and so kindly accepting my apology, lays me under the most

moſt ſenſible obligations, it imports me extremely not to be ſeen.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, the gentleman ſays he cannot be miſtaken; he inſiſts that you are here. He ſaw you come in. I had much ado to keep him from coming up, law, I think I hear him on the ſtairs. [*Exit.*

Miſs R. 'Tis in your power to aſſiſt me, moſt eſſentially, ſuffer me to retire into this room. Fortunately our dreſſes correſpond, and——

Miſs Emma. With regret I'm forc'd to decline what you propoſe. A reſolution I have made to converſe with no man, (*my father excepted,*) until the return of a dearly eſteem'd friend, whoſe abſence—

Enter Maid.

Maid. Ma'am, I never met ſuch a boiſterous gentleman in my life. In ſpite of every thing I can ſay, or do, he inſiſts on coming up ſtairs.

Miſs R. By that dear friend, and by the hopes you have of his return; let me conjure you to keep me from the ſight of this gentleman.

[*Leaves her cloak with* EMMA *and exit.*

Maid. As I live Ma'am, here he is.

Enter SIR CHARLES.

Sir Cha. My dear ma'am. I have found ſo much difficulty in approaching you, that nothing but your beauty can atone, or, apologize for the apparent rudeneſs, that—hey day—ſhe is gone again.

Emma. Inform me, ſir; what could encourage you to this ſtrange purſuit.

Sir Cha. Yes, I am miſtaken—what ſhall I ſay? (*Aſide.*

Emma. Why ſhould you follow me, ſir?

Sir Cha. Faith, madam, becauſe you ran away from me.

Emma. Do you know me then, ſir?

Sir Cha. Not I—devil take me, but I muſt on now. (*aſide.*) When I ſaw you to day, madam, I own I took you for another lady. Your ſtatures and habits are much the ſame, yet ſhou'd any chance give you an opportunity of ſeeing her you wou'd be ſatisfied how much ſhe is honour'd in a ſuppos'd reſemblance to you, and faith ſhe is tolerably handſome —to a man that had not ſeen you.

Emma. You are now convinc'd of your miſtake, ſir, which I excuſe; my father I expect every moment, to whom I ſhou'd find a difficulty in accounting for your being here.

Sir Cha. I underſtand you, madam. But ſuffer this heart to take a diſtant gleam of hope along with it only to—

Emma. Pray, ſir, be aſſur'd no pretence—no delay—not all your rhapſody or eloquence can give me other impreſſions of you than thoſe I've already form'd.

Sir Cha. Ten thouſand bleſſings on you for theſe laſt words, they're myſterious, yet they are kind. To a ſoul like mine that wakes and ſtarts at the leaſt dawn of joy, they ſet it's every faculty on fire. I go that I may hope to return—This charming girl is almoſt as handſome as little fly-away. (*aſide.*) Adieu, thou lovely creature. O the overflowing ſprings of cool refreſhing beauty. (*Exit.*

Emma. Madam, permit me to releaſe you, [*bringing on* Miss Russel.] I congratulate your eſcape from the levity and wildneſs of your purſuer.

Miſs R.

Miſs R. O my heart! When the ſervice you have done, Ma'am, proves an obligation or an injury, be ſatisfy'd I ſhall not be inſenſible to either.

Emma. Bleſs me! I fear, madam, you are as liable to miſtakes as the gentleman.

Miſs R. I fear I am *more* ſubject to 'em, Madam, particularly when I make a friend of one who wou'd deſtroy all my hopes of happineſs, by encouraging the addreſſes of him, who is dearer to me than life.

Emma. Is it thus you thank me? to ſerve a ſtranger I have violated a moſt ſolemn vow? but as our interview commenc'd abruptly, ſo let it end. The ſervant ſhall attend you to the door.

[*Rings and exit.*

Miſs R. Falſe ſir Charles; dup'd by a man I thought ſincere; rob'd by her who ſhou'd protect me, Wretched! Wretched Sophia! Yet why ſhou'd I deſpair? thoſe ſpirits which have ſupported me hitherto, I truſt will not forſake me.—I'll enquire of the ſervant this lady's name—Write a letter to ſir Charles as from her, deſiring an interview, by which means I ſhall diſcover his real ſentiments.

Mr. Hale. (*without.*) If any body brings me money, call me immediately—(*enters.*) and do you hear, if any one wants money, I'm not at home, nor ſhan't be to day. (*ſeeing* Miss R. *bows.*) Egad, the very identical pretty girl I have ſo often followed in the ſtreet. Madam. [*Bows.*

Miſs R. Sir,—as I live old Mr. Hale, one of the widow's lovers, how unfortunate, but I am certain he don't know me, though I do him. (*Aſide.*)

Mr. Hale. Who is? ah! I ſuppoſe 'tis the young woman that wanted a place and was recommended to Emma. She's very beautiful. (*Aſide.*) I hope you and my daughter have not diſagreed.

Miſs R.

Miſs R. Pardon me, ſir, we have; but I fear the fault was mine.

Mr. H. No, no, it could not be your fault—you are faultleſs—you—egad I don't know what to ſay to her: ſhe looks ſo fine, and ſo—yet why ſhould I be afraid, ſhe's only a lady's waiting woman. (*Aſide.*

Miſs R. Sir, your moſt obedient. (*Offering to go.*

Mr. H. O thou charming girl: Ten thouſand fevers are not equal to the tortures I endure.

Miſs R. Sir, what's the matter? what ſudden fit has ſeiz'd you?

Mr. H. Love! my angel! Love! One ſmile my goddeſs.

Miſs R. Ridiculous! I deſire, ſir.——

Mr. H. The ſweets of lilies, jeſſamin and roſes, dwell on thoſe lips; to touch would be tranſporting.

Miſs R. Was ever any thing ſo abſurd.—Yet I am tempted to humour this wretch, and puniſh his folly. (*Aſide.*) It ſhall be ſo. Lord, ſir, how can you flatter me?—I——

Mr. H. Flatter! Not I—No no, 'tis your fops that are in love with themſelves, who flatter and don't regard what they ſay: Why child one of theſe cold cream coxcombs will ſpend half a day doating on his glaſs, prating to himſelf and practiſing grimaces againſt he goes abroad, in hopes every female he meets will be as much in love with the animal as he is himſelf.

Miſs R. Indeed, ſir, I don't think any thing more diſguſting than the impertinent vanity and conceit of theſe creatures, who have robb'd our ſex of trifles, which were agreeable enough in women,

but are intolerably nauſeous in thoſe who wou'd be thought men.

Mr. H. And faith, my love, your ſex is pretty even with 'em; for 'tis no novelty now to ſee a Venus in every ſtreet with a helmet and plume, like an Alexander mounted as if in a triumphal car, managing ſix in hand, with the eaſe and appearance of an Hercules—but this is going from the ſubject we were talking of, O thou enchanting—were I poſſeſs'd of Ovid's ſoftneſs, I ſhould want art to tell the vaſtneſs of my paſſion.

Miſs R. What an old rogue! (*Aſide.*) Don't be angry, ſir, if I am rather an infidel. I cannot help diſtruſting you.

Mr. H. I'll put it beyond the power of doubt, and to confirm your wav'ring faith, here's a convincing proof. Till now, my chief and only bliſs was wealth, but you have made a convert of me.—This purſe is yours.

Miſs R. Mine, ſir?

Mr. H. Yours! This ring is yours, and this bank bill: I'll load you with riches enough to ſatisfy the craving appetite of avarice itſelf. Can I offer greater proofs of my ſincerity—My love, my——

Miſs R. Prudence, a moment by your leave. (*Aſide.*) Lord, ſir, who knows but perhaps you may be as falſe and cruel as thoſe inſignificant fops you were juſt deſcribing.—They, I am told, proteſt and make love exactly as you do.

Mr. H. Not they; damn 'em, they ha'n't it in their power to make love as I do, poor devils! not worth a groat.

Miſs R. Ah, ſir! but you'll allow I'm right in not believing too haſtily.

Mr. H. Yes, I do, I do thou charmer! Always be ſure the bill is good before you diſcount it. I admire your caution; but ſurely you cannot doubt me when I give ſuch ſecurity.—Your beauty caught me, but your ſenſe has enſlaved me: where did'ſt thou get it? How came you ſo accompliſh'd?

Miſs R. I have ſtudied, ſir, only in the ſchool of nature, which does not always beſtow birth and fortune, yet ſometimes gives ſenſe enough not to be unhappy without them, excuſe me, ſir, indeed I cannot remain any longer here.

Mr. H. Well, well, give me a ſmile to live upon, bleſs me with one kind word: only ſay when and where we may meet again.

Miſs R. You ſhall ſee me, when perhaps you'll bluſh to own you ever ſpoke to me.

Mr. H. Impoſſible!

Miſs R. Well, you ſhall ſee me very ſhortly.—Adieu! adieu! thou agreeable deceiver.

Mr. H. Agree—— Oh raviſhing—I'm diſtracted! Farewell! Ten thouſand tranſports on this ſweet hand. You'll let me hear from you or ſee you ſoon—when?—ſay when?

Miſs R. I can't exactly ſay at preſent.

Mr. H. Well, well; you'll think of me.

Miſs R. Reſt aſſur'd I ſhall—think of tormenting you, you old ſinner, as far as the ſcope of my invention will allow. (*Aſide.*) Farewell, ſir. Oh! now for my letter. (*Aſide.*) [*Going out, turns back looks at him, then ſighs and exit.*

Mr. H. O I'm overcome! I'm—I have her! I have her!—What ſhall I do with myſelf? Where ſhall I go? How ſhall I—Eh!—Stop! It's time I ſhou'd viſit Lady Supple; If I can marry her, get poſſeſſion of her eſtates, and of this young creature's affection, I ſhall have enough to make me happy while I live. Oh wealth! how wilt thou bleſs me. Oh beauty! how wilt thou delight me.—Joy! Joy! Oh! how I ſhall hug myſelf thus wrapt in pleaſure.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I—*A chamber in* Mr. BLOOMFIELD'S *houſe.*

BLOOMFIELD *ſen. and* Child *diſcover'd.*

Child. Ah! But when I grow a big man, then my Papa ſays I ſhall have a real gun, and be a Captain.

Bloom. ſen. Ah! but I hope he'll change his mind, when I recollect the many anxious heart-rending hours his abſence caus'd me to endure. But thank heaven, he return'd laden with wealth, accompanied by honor, and reſcued from penury theſe gray hairs—oh how painful to ſee his virtuous wife ſquander ſuch a noble property—I cannot live to ſee the fatal end of it, and pray heaven, their lovely boy here may never feel it.

Child. Sure you'll live till I'm a captain, and have an army.

Bloom. ſen. An army, child! you ſhould ſay, a company; to raiſe an army of men requires more wealth and power than you can ever hope to have.

Child. Ah! but I'll have an army for all that—I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll coax all the pretty women, and take them with me, then you know the men will all be ſure to come after them.

Bloom. ſen. My lovely boy.

Enter Mrs. BLOOMFIELD *and* CAREFULL *the ſteward.*

Mrs. Bloom. Tell not me of patience. Shall I deprive myſelf of every joy the world affords? Was I not born and bred in elegance? taught only to

wiſh, and then poſſeſs that wiſh. Are the new liveries brought home, the pharoah, hazard, and card tables ſet? The perfum'd wax lights ready, and etherial ſpirits for the lamps—I'll create admiration abroad, and excite wonder at home.

Bloom. ſen. Conſider how vaſt the expence muſt be my dear child, not even the firſt nobility make ſuch an appearance.

Mrs. Bloom. Then I ſhall be the more regarded—go inſtantly, pay for my box at the opera, and ſecure tickets for the firſt concert.

Stew. To day I cannot, madam: the money I had is entirely exhauſted.

Mrs. Bloom. What?

Bloom. ſen. Softly, perhaps to-morrow——

Mrs. Bloom. To-morrow! I ſay go inſtantly—am I to be——

Enter Mr. Bloomfield.

Bloom. What angry, my dear?

Mrs. Bloom. I am angry to be ſo miſerably reſtrain'd, impeded in my pleaſures, even by your domeſtics; your very ſteward preſumes to follow your's and your father's example, and preach frugality.

Bloom. Obey your lady without heſitation. (*Exit ſteward.*) My example! In what do you accuſe me?

Bloom. ſen. Let not paſſion poſſeſs your minds—my children, reaſon with mildneſs, and the goodneſs of your own hearts will bring you to a ſenſe of what is right. (*Takes the* child's *hand.*) Live in affection my children—happy in thy father's bleſſing, and ſtill happier in your own virtues.

[*Exit with the* child.

Bloom. My dear, how can you complain? Have I not complied with all your deſires even to a fault?

againſt my own reaſon? quitted the country, chang'd a calm and retired life for this luxuriant town, compos'd of noiſe, diſſipation and profligacy?

Mrs. Bloom. The country? I would not endure the country converſation again to be lady of ſix manors—What a buſtle they make about houſewifery, and breeding their daughters as if they were deſigned for ſervice; then the men are ſuch wretches! To hear a creature make himſelf and his horſe merry with whiſtling—oh! what delight there is in cock-fighting, then the harmonious muſic of the hounds, and the charming melody of their maſters ſnoring after a hard day's hunting.

Bloom. When content and thoſe pleaſures ſurrounded you, you liv'd ſecure and innocent—belov'd of all, prais'd for your hoſpitality; you might be envied, but malice knew not where you dwelt.

Enter Steward.

Stew. Here, madam is the perfumer's bill, the particulars are enormous.

Mrs. B. No matter, let him have his money—I deteſt an argument with ſuch creatures.

Stew. The jeweller, madam, is—

Mrs. B. Oh pay him, pay him directly, he muſt not be diſoblig'd.

Stew. Then the mercer's bill is out of all reaſon, madam, tis but three months and the amount is four hundred pounds.

Mrs. B. He earns what's extravagant by his attendance; it's diverting to have half-a-dozen of them here in a morning, to rumble their goods, buy nothing, and ſend them off by ſaying, "Lord, what an odious aſſortment you have got."

Stew. Here are ſeveral ſmall bills of 30 or 40 pounds,

pounds, madam, and I have not ten guineas in the———

Mrs. B. How can you, Mr. Bloomfield, ſuffer me to be thus tortur'd by a—

Bloom. Have you really no money?

Stew. You'll ſee by that account, ſir, that I have not—

Bloom. Amazing! ſhall I have my doors beſet with honeſt men, made poor and wretched through the indiſcretion of my family—go directly, take the writings of my Dorſetſhire eſtate; raiſe what money you can upon them, and pay every creature. (*Exit Steward.*) Let me not ſuffer the diſgrace of being forc'd to that which common honeſty ſhou'd dictate to every feeling mind.—What miſery, and deſolation muſt this extravagance occaſion?

Mrs. B. Extravagance! Is it more than is requiſite for a woman of my birth, education, and fortune?

Bloom. I'm not ignorant of your quality, madam, but ſurely ſome of theſe expences might be retrench'd with credit to that birth and education which you boaſt.

Mrs. B. Upon my word, this is a moſt delightful ſermon—any thing more?

Bloom. Yes, your midnight revels, your maſquerades which affect as much your character as my eſtate—take heed—the virtuous know 'tis not enough to clear themſelves, but to give no cauſe even for ſuſpicion; and how deſpicable a ſtate muſt matrimony be, when a huſband, who is the ſanctuary and guardian of a woman's honour, muſt be oblig'd to the diſcretion of his wife for the ſecurity of his own.

Mrs. Bloom. Mr. Bloomfield, *you* may live as you

pleaſe;

pleaſe; but ſociety, pleaſure and elegance I am entitled to, and thoſe I will have.

Bloom. Yes, I fear you will to our ruin—*Is there no means to prevent it—I'll try.* (*aſide.*) Well, my love, perhaps you're in the right, and my conduct has been erroneous. We live but to edify, therefore be witneſs of the reſolution I have taken, which is from this moment to purſue what *you* call the joys of life, ſpare no expence, but revel—enjoy ſociety, laugh at penury—and———

Mrs. B. Penury! 'tis the miſer's curſe, who dares not uſe the wealth he is poſſeſſed of—the very cheſt wherein it lies conceal'd enjoys as much of it as he—*that* cannot taſte, the owner dares not.

Bloom. True, my love, O pleaſure! why haſt thou fled from me ſo long? But now I bid thee welcome to this habitation.—Let my ſteward attend, and all my ſervants; my hoſpitable doors ſhall open wide, and the world ſhall find a welcome here.

Mrs. B. You ſurpriſe and delight me—now you are obliging indeed, this is the way to be truly happy.

Bloom. (*Aſide.*) Truly wretched I fear.

Mrs. Bloom. Do you dine at home to day, my love?

Bloom. Yes, and ſhall have an elegant aſſemblage of our moſt intimate friends.

Mrs. Bloom. Dear me, I'm ſorry my engagements are ſo particular, they force me from you, but I ſhall return early, to meet a party I have invited to cards.——Will you excuſe me?

Bloom. Certainly. But I had much rather your engagement would.

Mrs. Bloom. That is ſo gallant, and at the ſame time ſo affectionate—It cauſes,—good heaven! I declare it brings tears,—what can—but we muſt not be melancholy.——Adieu. [*Exit.*

Bloom. A ſtrange humour this, that I have taken; I am determined to dance, play, entertain, appear

appear as gay, and ſquander money as faſt as ſhe can.—If ſhe has any judgement, 'twill awake her into reaſon.—It muſt—It ſhall—My flattering hopes aſſure me of ſucceſs.—Again, I ſhall enjoy her friendly confidence, her cheerful ſmiles, and all the hoarded joys of her indulgent heart.—— Wou'd huſbands in general tenderly endeavour to reclaim by gentle means wives who innocently ſtray, divorces wou'd become rare, Doctors Commons uſeleſs, and many virtuous minds eſcape from publick odium.

Enter LIEUTENANT SELBY.

Is it poſſible! I am aſtoniſh'd and rejoiced, my dear friend at this unlook'd for, but welcome return—but what?—I hope love, all powerful love, has not———

Selby. Oh no!—I had ſcarce got to the place of embarkation, when I receiv'd my noble patron's letter with an account of his having obtain'd an exchange for me, to a regiment of cavalry. I loſt no time, you may eaſily imagine, in coming to town to acknowledge my gratitude to him;—friendſhip to you, and ardent love for my deareſt Emma.

Bloom. Well, ſhe keeps pace with you, love as much as you pleaſe, your abſence has made her a ſecond Penelope.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir Charles Leſlie, ſir.

Selby. Allow me to retire, and ſend a note to acquaint my Emma I am here, and ſhall wait on her the moment her father's abſence grants me an opportunity.

Bloom. In my ſtudy you'll find pen and ink. I don't

don't expect Sir Charles to delay, or if he ſhould, I know he would be proud of your acquaintance.

[*Exit* SELBY.

Enter SIR CHARLES.

Sir Cha. Oh Bloomfield! my dear fellow; ſuch an adventure; ſuch a circumſtance.

Bloom. What adventure? What circumſtance? Does it pertain to love or war?

Sir Cha. Love! love! my good friend! O Bloomfield, ſuch a woman.

Bloom. Yes, all yours are ſuch women; but who is ſhe?

Sir Cha. I don't know, therefore am come to you to enquire. She lives juſt five doors off on the right hand.

Bloom. Five doors! let me conſider: ah! 'tis impoſſible: it can't be.

Sir Cha. True, upon my ſoul, I obſerv'd the houſe exactly. Do you know who lives there.

Bloom. Yes, ſo well, that I am certain you're miſtaken.

Sir Cha. Miſtaken! Is there a young lady in that houſe of extraordinary beauty?

Bloom. There is Emma the daughter of my friend, Mr. Hale.

Sir Cha. Then I have been in converſation with her; I tell you I follow'd her home.

Bloom. Pſha! 'twas the maid you ſaw. Where's the lady you went in purſuit of this morning? What was ſhe?

Sir Cha. Why ſhe. I can't tell any thing about her, I own ſhe lives more in my heart than any woman I have ever ſeen; and I am oblig'd to be in love elſewhere, to divert the melancholy thoughts which intrude on her account.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your man, ſir, brought this letter, he ſays 'twas left with directions to deliver it immediately into your own hands.

Sir Cha. From ſome creditor I ſuppoſe. Here Bloomfield is a damper. Can any thing be more diſtreſſing than having the moſt anxious deſire to be juſt, and thro' the villainy of others, be depriv'd of the power (opens the letter) Hey dey!—(*Reads*)

"Approach—a—love—um—um—unhappy,

"*Emma Hale.*"

Sir Cha. Pray, did not you ſay the lady's name was Emma Hale?

Bloom. Yes, I did.

Sir Cha. Oh! the heavenly, bewitching!—D—mme, but I thought ſhe look'd as if her name was Emma Hale: here, here thou infidel, here's conviction, that I have ſeen her, nay more; that I am to ſee her again; the ſweet, delicious, O, I muſt ſend to her directly. [*Going.*

Bloom. I bluſh for you, Sir Charles, a man of your ſenſe and honour attempt to inſinuate any thing ſo prejudicial to a lady's virtue.

Sir Cha. I inſinuate any thing prejudicial to a lady's virtue, no! May he that could ſlander any part of that ſex, whom we are bound in nature and honour to protect and defend—may he—the greateſt ill I can wiſh him in this world is to be excluded their dear ſociety;—may he never even have a quarrel with 'em; that he may never enjoy the ſuperlative felicity of a reconciliation; no, by heavens!—nothing—not even our friendſhip could induce me to mention the circumſtance to you, but that I requir'd your aſſiſtance in diſcovering who ſhe is.

Bloom. Believe me you are in an error?

Sir

Sir Cha. Will her hand-writing convince you?

Bloom. The letter muſt be a forgery.

Sir C. I have it—ſuffer me to appoint her here, and——

Bloom. Here! ſurely you have more reſpect for Mrs. Bloomfield than to propoſe meeting——

Sir Cha. 'Tis for the ſake of the lady's honour I propoſe it. She deſires me to—nay, you ſhall have the entire letter, (*Reads.*)

" The ſurpriſe of your unexpected approach and " the apprehenſion of my father's return, I fear be- " tray'd me into rudeneſs, your declarations of love " ſeem'd to be utter'd with a degree of ſincerity. " If really ſo, *your* honour I ſhall truſt to as a ſecu- " rity for mine; I wiſh to explain the motives for " my behaviour, ſend your ſervant to Storey's gate " directly, and he ſhall conduct to you the

" *Unhappy Emma Hale.*"

Now my dear Bloomfield 'twill be acting the part of a mutual friend to let me appoint her here.

Enter SELBY (*haſtily.*)

Selby. Pardon me, ſir; being in the next room 'twas impoſſible to avoid hearing your converſation, and having ſome influence over my friend Bloom- field, ventur'd out to join my ſolicitations in entreat- ing him to comply with your requeſt.

Sir Cha. Sir, you're extremely kind. I am in- finitely oblig'd to you—what ſay you Bloomfield?

Bloom. Say, that you are mad.

Selby. Oh! you muſt grant permiſſion; being a lady of honour there can be no impropriety in ad- mitting her to your houſe. I requeſt it as a moſt particular favour.

Sir Cha. Sir, your friendſhip binds me to you;

Ah!

Ah! I see you are a man of gallantry. *You* know how to feel for a man in my situation, but this field is coldness itself, an anchorite.

Bloom. Well, as you (to Selby) so particularly wish it, Sir Charles *may* give her the meeting here, but I'll wager my life you are wrong—when do you expect her?

Sir Cha. In a few minutes. I'll go and dispatch my servant instantly—for *your* kind interference, I must take another opportunity, sir, to offer my acknowledgments, and hope to be honour'd with your acquaintance. [*Exit.*

Selby. Is this your Penelope? This the woman that———

Bloom. Why can you believe 'tis she?

Selby. 'Tis impossible to doubt it.

Bloom. Have you written to her?

Selby. No!

Bloom. Mind not her father in this case, but go see her, and take my word you'll find her innocent. (*Seeing* EMMA) Amazing! whom have we here?

Selby. 'Tis she, by heavens! O deceitful, cruel woman! (*He retires, Throws himself on a Sopha.*

Enter EMMA.

Emma. Mr. Bloomfield, your servant.

Bloom. Madam.

Emma. You seem astonished, sir.

Bloom. I must confess I am, madam.

Emma. The confidence your friend reposes in you, sir, is the cause of mine. Where is he? He'll scarce believe that I am here.

Bloom. Indeed, madam, *I* scarcely can myself believe that you are here.

Emma. Sir, if my visit be troublesome, or unseasonable,

ſeaſonable, 'tis your friend's fault.—Where is he? Let me ſee him.

Selby. (*Coming forward.*) This is beyond all bearing! Wretched, imprudent woman!

Emma. My Selby—are you diſpleaſed to ſee me?

Selby. Diſpleaſed! that guilt can ſo aſſume the face of innocence! (*Going.*)

Emma. Why! why! wherefore would you go?

Selby. To make room for the gentleman you came to meet.

Emma. What gentleman? I came to you, and *only you.*

Selby. Deceitful woman. You knew not I was here. No, no, you thought me too far off to diſturb your aſſignation, and I aſſure you, madam, 'twas my ill fortune, not my deſign. However, I leave the field open for my happier rival, as no doubt your lover will be ſhortly here.

Emma. That is a title none can claim but you.

Selby. Madam, I'm not fool enough to be your ſport—Farewell. [*going.*

Bloom. Nay, ſtay! I'm certain ſhe's innocent. Her tongue, her eyes, and that flood that ſwells 'em, vindicates her heart.

Selby. They do but ſhew her practice in diſſimulation, I go, perhaps, never to return. Adieu, my deareſt friend. [*Exit.*

Emma. Oh! Mr. Bloomfield, follow him, his manner of leaving me is ſtill more ſevere than even his cenſures againſt me.

Enter SIR CHARLES LESLIE.

Sir Cha. Ha! here! my happineſs is greater than I cou'd have hop'd: I didn't expect you quite ſo ſoon: I truſt I have not made you wait.

Emma.

Emma. Wait, ſir! What can he mean? as I live 'tis the ſtrange gentleman who follow'd the lady into our houſe. [*Aſide.*

Sir Cha. You are offended—I was not here to receive you? but———

Emma. Indeed, ſir, I am not.

Sir Cha. Confirm it by a ſmile then; beg pardon Bloomfield, 'tis your preſence diſpleaſes the lady.

Bloom. I ſhou'd be ſorry to intrude———

Emma. Mr. Bloomfield, pray don't leave me with an intire ſtranger.

Sir Cha. Oh, I perceive your caution, tho' you might rely on his ſecrecy, I ſhall withdraw as if I did not know you. [*Aſide to her.*

Emma. No whiſpering pray, ſir. I have not the vanity to be thought of your acquaintance, and I reſolve you never ſhall have the mortification of being mine.

Bloom. Not acquainted with you, madam! I thought you came hither to meet him. Of this I'm confident, he came to meet you.

Emma. Pray, ſir, did you come here to meet me?

Sir Cha. To be ſure, I did, and as Mr. Bloomfield is appriz'd of the whole affair, there can be no impropriety in ſhewing the commiſſion which authorized me to expect you.

Emma. What is this, ſir?

Sir Cha. What is this, madam? Why 'tis your letter, ſurely you won't deny it.

Emma. I muſt upon my honour.

Sir Cha. Oh! I ſee ſhe is determin'd to deny every thing. Well, ma'am, and you'll deny perhaps ever ſeeing me before, and you'll deny that I follow'd you home to your houſe, and you'll deny that I was admitted, and you'll deny———

Emma.

Emma. Allow me to undeceive you, ſir, in one particular; upon my veracity it was not me you follow'd in the ſtreet.

Sir Cha. Not you!

Emma. No, indeed, ſir, the lady was an entire ſtranger to me; ſhe ſeem'd ſo anxious to avoid you, that with the moſt earneſt ſolicitation, ſhe prevail'd on me, (being nearly the ſame ſtature) to acknowledge myſelf the perſon you purſued, and heaven knows how fatal it has been to me.

Sir Cha. I thought 'twas. I cou'dn't have been deceived. Yes, 'twas Miſs Fly-away again. It muſt be ſome fiend—but, madam, this letter.—

Emma. I am entirely ignorant of every thing relating to—

Bloom. I perceive 'tis a plot upon you, Sir Charles; Did you know of Selby's return? (*to Emma.*)

Emma. I did. My maid told me ſhe had ſeen him enter your houſe: I knew he would not venture to my father's, and without heſitation flew to meet him *here.*

Sir Cha. Yes, ſhe has humm'd me again, this muſt be her letter.

Emma. Mr. Bloomfield let me entreat you to go in ſearch of him. Explain this myſtery, and bring him to his faithful wretched Emma.

Bloom. I will about it directly. In the mean time permit me to ſolicit the honour of your company this evening; Sir Charles, we rely on you. Adieu. You'll excuſe me, we wou'd not leave you; but I ſee your ſervant, he may have ſome buſineſs.

Sir Cha. You know Mr. Bloomfield I hate ceremony; madam, your moſt obedient; for what is paſt I have not power to offer even an apology. Farewell, and may you be happy as your goodneſs merits.

[*Exit* Mr. Bloom *and* Emma.

Enter KILLEAVY.

Well, ſir, where have you been?

Kill. Where, ſir? Didn't you ſend me to the lady?

Sir Cha. And have you ſeen her?

Kill. Faith an I have, ſir; ſhe was waiting for me an hour after I got to the place, and to my great joy the very identical tame wild Duck, that has ſo often given us the ſlip. O ſhe is the ſort—ſhe is the prettieſt—

Sir Cha. Where is ſhe?

Kill. Sir, the moment I ſaw her I cou'dn't help looking at her—by the—She is the prettieſt! She is all the Stile—She—

Sir Cha. But where is ſhe?

Kill. She—a—I was compleatly blind, cou'd ſee nothing while I was looking at her, for ſhe quite fill'd my eyes.

Sir Cha. Well, ſir, and where——

Kill. Well, ſir; ſhe bid me call a coach, which I did in a minute without ſaying a word, handed her in, ſtep'd up behind, told the man to drive her here, which he did, ſir, and while I rapp'd at the door ſhe ſpoke to him, and off he drove as if the devil was in him.

Sir Cha. And why didn't you purſue, raſcal?

Kill. I did purſue the raſcal, ſir, and roar'd ſtop thief! I was amaz'd at her going away after behaving ſo civil to me, and done all in my power to overtake her, but it was not to be done.

Sir Cha. To let her eſcape when you had her ſo compleatly in your power, as the coach muſt——

Kill. I cou'dn't help it, ſir; will you only conſider the horſes had eight feet and I had but two.

Sir Cha. 'Sdeath villain, you have been drinking.

Kill.

Kill. Oh yes; the villain did drive as if he had been drinking.

Sir Cha. When I depended on you, to think of your getting in ſuch a ſtate; but I diſcharge you from this hour.

Kill. Who! me? Upon my ſoul, ſir, I——

Sir Cha. Leave me this moment, ſirrah.

Kill. I can't ſir; it's impoſſible: Get your eſtate and then diſcharge me as ſoon as you pleaſe; we've ſhar'd good fortune together, and bad ſhall never part us.

Sir Cha. Inſolent ſcoundrel, I command you to trouble me no more.

Kill. Scoundrel!——

Sir Cha. Yes, ſirrah, deliver up your charge, and never let me ſee your face.

Kill. Scoundrel!—You have wounded me in the tendereſt part, "The heart that lov'd you and wou'd "have follow'd you in beggary thro' the world;"—but I am off my charge—there is—no, I'll ſay nothing about wages, for I know there are two things we CAN'T do—He can't pay, and I can't aſk.—Here, ſir, is—I wiſh to avoid giving you uneaſineſs: but ſince we are to part, I feel bound to return every thing that belongs to you. Here are a number of tradeſmen's bills; you'll find a receipt to the ſhoe-makers, and ſome others, that I paid out of the board wages I never receiv'd. Since I have been with him I have "liv'd like the camel "on the ſolid air." Here are a parcel of new tooth picks; but theſe are furniture we neither of us have much uſe for. There's ſome proteſts from notaries, and a few copies of writs; I leather'd the fellows that brought 'em, and wou'dn't take them in; but there they are. I didn't wiſh

to diſtreſs your mind, ſo would not ſhew them. Now, ſir, farewell—but conſider, ſir, pray was it any wonder, Miſs Will o'th' Wiſp ſhould diſtance me with ſuch a weight as all that about my——

(*Laying his hand on his heart.*

Sir Cha. Begone, ſir, I'll ſend you your wages, you ſhall no longer impoſe on my credulity.

Kill. Impoſe!—I can lay my hand on my heart, and ſay I never impoſed on you, ſir: I wiſh all men going out of place could ſay the ſame by their ſuperiors. [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. Damnation! Was ever mortal born to ſuffer as I am; but intrigues, honourable or diſhonourable, faſhionable or unfaſhionable, I from this hour bid adieu to. My privilege ſhall no longer be my protection—I'll mortify for the advantage of my creditors, and redeem my eſtate by marrying the widow—I'll go this minute, make her a formal, ſerious offer, and then adieu for ever to Miſs Fly-away. D—mn—No, bleſs her—bleſs her—Ten thouſand bleſſings on her, and on the whole ſex—They are all lovely—all divine—all charming. Miſs Emma Hale is lovely—little Fly-a-way's divine—Lady Supple—Oh! ſhe is the devil. [*Exit.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in* LADY SUPPLE'S *Houſe.*

Enter DASH, *meeting* TIM.

Tim. A letter for your honour.

Daſh. [*Reads.*] "I have fil'd another bill, and "proceedings are going forward with the great- "eſt ſucceſs and rapidity"—huzza! law for ever. "I am concern'd in ſo many expenſive "caſes, that I muſt requeſt you'll ſend me in- "ſtantly 200 pounds, or we are ruin'd, our "cauſe is loſt. Your's, faithfully—"*Capias* "*Demur.*"——Stifle me, what's this?

Tim. A letter ſure, ſir. I juſt brought it to you; ecod, this place is turning young maſter's brain. [*aſide.*]

Daſh. Why, he promiſed to do all without any trouble or expence to me, and aſk'd only half of what he gain'd. I gave him every guinea I had this morning, and now he ſends for more. What ſhall I do? I am completely ſtiver cramp'd; not a face about me, but the one I look through.

Tim. Troth'en, maiſter, you'd beſt come and live in my country, where 'tis the faſhion for people to look through their own faces.

Daſh. Get away, ſirrah! Do you think I'd go and live in your damn'd country—leave my lawyer, and my chancery ſuit?

Tim. You'd better leave him the chancery ſuit, or may be he'll ſoon leave you without even my livery ſuit.

Daſh. Pho! pho! you don't underſtand—he's to give me poſſeſſion of all my eſtate, I muſt away to

him. But hold! if I leave the houſe; my aunt's new huſband may—I'll bar that, the ſervants are all my friends. I'll leave them in truſt for me—poſſeſſion is nine points of the law, and that I'll keep—Tim, deſire Rummer the butler, and all the ſervants to come here directly.

Tim. Yes, ſir. *(Exit.)*

Daſh. I'll leave theſe fellows in charge for me, whilſt I go to Demur. (*Looking at letter.*) 200l. Stifle me if I know where to get 200 pence, except from him—the law and the lawyers muſt do all for me.

Re-enter Tim, Rummer, Coachman, Footman, two others, &c.

Servants. Ah! maſter Neddy, welcome! welcome!

Daſh. Stop, my boys, I'll tell you, this is my houſe, the whole property was left in truſt for me; and now my lady aunt wants to cheat me out of it—but I know it's mine, and as you are honeſt fellows, and my particular friends—I give it in charge to you; we'll have open houſe directly—nothing ſhall be here but plenty, pleaſure, mirth, burgundy, oceans of ſtingo and claret, my boys.

Servants. Bravo! maſter Neddy.

Daſh. That's my way—ſtifle me—the bells ſhall ring—the fiddles play, trumpets ſound—drums beat, and the houſe ſhall be in an uproar; I'll have money to keep a jubilee all my life—the cellar ſhall be left open—Butler, you ſhall throw away your keys, and cook, you ſhall ſleep with your knife in your hand.

Footman. You are a charming gentleman to talk this way to your ſervants.

Rum. He, lord love him; he has no more pride than one of us out of place.

Daſh.

Dash. Pride! not I. Stifle me, I deteſt it—Now my boys only take care of the houſe in my abſence and I'll provide for you all. As for you, Rummer, you ſhall be my ſteward directly. I'm only going to my lawyer, and ſhall be back directly. What a capital fellow this law ſuit will make me. (*Going.*

Tim. Maſter Neddy, Maſter Neddy—You never told me what you'd make of me. What ſhall I be?

Cook. No, ſir, nor you hav'n't ſaid what I ſhould be?

Serv. No, nor I, ſir?

Dash. You! O ſtifle me, don't be particular; you ſhall all have places when I'm a great man, if I don't forget, as great men generally do. [*Exit.*

(*Servants all following him buzzaing,* (*except* TIM.)

Enter SALLY.

Sally. For heaven's ſake, what is the meaning of all this noiſe? my lady is almoſt diſtracted.

Tim. So is my maſter.

Sally. My lady vows he ſhall quit this houſe directly: ſhe expects company that muſt not be diſturbed, therefore prepare to be ſetting off.

Tim. Setting off? Where, Mrs. Flounce?

Sally. O, no matter where, ſo the houſe is rid of ſuch lumber.

Tim. I ſhall be very ſorry, when the lawyer men turns you all out, for ſure you and I would be very agreeable.

Sally. What?

Tim. You and I would agree the beſt in the world.

Sally. Aſunder it muſt be then. No, no, Mr. Killeavy is the lad that can be agreeable, and attentive; and to be ſure there *is* one way, and only one, that *you* can ever hope to gain my affections-

if you will oblige me in that one particular, I think I ſhould love you immenſely ever after.

Tim. I'll do it, let it be what it will.

Sally. Why I want the glory of having ſomebody die for the love of me. It's what I have heard a great deal of talk about, but never experienced it. I do think I ſhould be moſt prodigiouſly fond of a man, that lov'd me enough to hang, or drown himſelf for my ſake.

Tim. Eh?—what?—You'd love a man that wou'd kill himſelf for your ſake.

Sally. Yes, dearly—I'd adore him!

Tim. What for ſhooting himſelf?

Sally. Yes, thou dear fellow—ſhooting will be ſtill more genteel. I'll borrow you a piſtol. And oh! Tim, Tim, how I ſhall cry and lament you, and ſay Oh! the dear, delightful fellow! Oh! Oh! Oh!

Tim. I'm very much obliged to you, I cou'dn't think of giving you ſo much trouble, for I ſhould be ſorry to make any one that loves me cry. I'd rather make 'em laugh: ſo do you ſee, I don't think nature ever intended me for a dear delightful fellow.

Sally. And you won't?

Tim. I'd rather not.

Sally. What ſhrink when you've ſuch an opportunity of immortalizing yourſelf, to be ſung about in ballads, to be quoted when you're in the grave.

Tim. I'd ſooner be coated out of the grave, ay, and I'd rather people ſhould ſay, Timothy Thickneſs was cowardly enough to refuſe killing himſelf to oblige his ſweetheart, than, here lies the brave fellow who ſhot himſelf thro' the head for love of the beautiful Miſs Sally Flounce.

Sally. Oh very well, ſir.—Leave the room, nor never dare, or hope, to have a ſmile from me: I wonder how I could loſe my time with ſuch a ninny-hammer.

Tim. To be ſure, I may be a ninny-hammer, or a yellow-hammer; but I'd rather live two days in this world, bad as it, than be ſung about in ballads for a hundred years, ſo your ſervant; I'll warrant I'll find a reaſonable ſweetheart, that won't aſk me to undergo any puniſhment more than marrying her, but be happy and contented with what I can do with her in this life. (*Exit.*

Sally. Aſtoniſhing! The creature who this morning appear'd to me a downright idiot, is metamorphos'd into a ſenſible being.

Enter KILLEAVY.

Kill. "See where ſhe ſtands,
"She never told her love, but let revealment like a worm i' th' mud,
"Feed on her damſel's cheek."——Sally, my darling, I juſt call'd to take leave of you, and tell you my good fortune. I've loſt my place.

Sally. Indeed! how came you to loſe it?

Kill. I won't own I was diſcharg'd. (*Aſide.*) Why like all great politicians, I reſign'd my appointment and gave up my ſalary, when I found I could get nothing by keeping them.

Sally. Oh! then your wages is——

Kill. Why I can't exactly tell how much they'll be when I get 'em, but they are nothing at all now.

Sally. Then as you have no money, nor place, and that you deſpair, may be you'd die for love of me.

Kill.

Kill. Have a little patience, and if I live long enough this way, I'll die for hunger; and to ſhew how I love you, I'll commiſſion you as a friend when I'm gone, to make your fortune by publiſhing all the bad things I've done by way of an apology for my life. It's all the faſhion now.

Sally. Will you marry me?

Kill. Why I love you ſo well, I'd marry you and twenty like you, if I had enough to make you comfortable in the miſery that I muſt bring on you. Oh! you crator "Can'ſt thou bear cold and hunger; can theſe limbs, fram'd for the tender offices of love, endure the pleaſing pipe of ſmarting poverty. When"———

Enter SIR CHARLES.

Sir Cha. Ha! my little ſprightly! What Killeavy, are you there? my honeſt fellow.

Kill. No, ſir; I am not nor ever will be your honeſt fellow,

"While memory holds a ſeat within this horrid, headleſs trunk."

Sir Cha. I have been betrayed by paſſion—I am in your debt—I've given———

Kill. That you have, given me a receipt in full—Scoundrel—

"Words would but wrong the gratitude I owe you."

Sir Cha. I know your diſpoſition too well to aſk you to return to my———but pray oblige me and go directly to Mr. Bloomfield's, you'll hear of ſomething there to your advantage.

Kill. I thank you, ſir; I'll go this inſtant, and tho' I'll never ſerve you as long as I live—I'd loſe my life with pleaſure for you, if I could afterwards ſee you poſſeſſed of your fortune. [*Exit.*

Sir

Sir Cha. Can I ſpeak to your lady? Is your goddeſs viſible?

Sally. No, ſir, ſhe is not—ſhe won't be at home this day to any living creature, except Sir Rakeiſh Spangle.

Sir Cha. Confound his little body, I thought we had loſt him. It's an age ſince I've ſeen him.

Sally. He has written to my lady, that he means this day to wait on her and have her final determination.

Sir Cha. The devil! What can ſhe diſcover in him to be partial to a little——

Sally. Sir, I cannot bear to hear him diſparaged in ſuch a manner. He is a gentleman, ſir, and knows how to gain a lady's favour, ſir.

Sir Cha. Then pr'ythee tell me how he has ſo compleatly gain'd your favour, and why you ſeem ſo much my enemy?

Sally. Enemy, ſir! lord, ſir! really, ſir, I am no body's enemy; but when gentlemen behave like gentlemen, and act with elegance, as a body may ſay, why 'tis impoſſible not to treat them like what they are, and throw in a favourable word with one's lady, which I do for Sir Rakeiſh, becauſe he is a generous, accompliſh'd, thoughtful, attentive, clever, encouraging, well diſpos'd, pretty youth; and as to my lady, ſhe is not at home, nor won't be at home, for ſhe has a thouſand engagements to day, to morrow, the next day, the day after, ſo that 'tis impoſſible to ſay whether ſhe'll ever be at home again, or not.

Sir Cha. Bleſs me child! I'm ſorry to ſee you ſo ill.

Sally. I'm very well, ſir, but my lady——

Sir Cha. Never ſaw more deſperate ſymptoms; but don't be alarm'd. I've got a medicine about me—

Sally.

Sally. A medicine for what?

Sir Cha. To cure talkativeneſs: look here; this is the firſt potion I'll adminiſter.

[*ſhewing a purſe.*

Sally. Lord, ſir, is that doſe pretty ſtrong?

Sir Cha. Yes, and there is a poſſibility of its being repeated. It contains ten pills made up of pure gold; five pennyweights, eight grains each.

Sally. Lord, how lucky to meet ſo learned a phyſician. I never could bear doctor's ſtuff of any kind, but I'll venture to take this, (*puts it in her pocket*) It's down—a—the—lord, ſir, I beg pardon, I believe I was indiſpos'd, but your preſcription has effectually cur'd me.

Sir Cha. Well, what have you to ſay of—

Sally. Not a word, ſir; you've depriv'd me of the power of ſpeech. When I hear his name mention'd, I conceit I have got a lock'd jaw.

Sir Cha. Take care he does not find a key to open your lock jaw; for here he comes, dreſs'd like an emperor.

Sally. Then ſir, I muſt fly to tell my lady. I heartily wiſh you ſucceſs, like a modern elector, I have ſold my intereſt to both parties, and now determine not to vote for either. [*Aſide and Exit.*

Enter MISS RUSSELL, *dreſs'd as* SIR RAKEISH SPANGLE.

Ha! Sir Charles Leſlie! in any other place I ſhould have been rejoic'd to ſee you.

Sir Cha. Sir Rakeiſh, your moſt obedient: you ſtill lay ſiege to her ladyſhip. I hop'd you had conſider'd the ſuperiority of my claim, you know I courted her long before you knew her.

Miſs R. Why—a—that's very true; but then without

without vanity I believe I may affirm, I ſtept further into her favour at firſt ſight, than you have reach'd in for many months, you know. I can't help it if the lady will love me, poor thing.

Sir Cha. You have for ſome time croſs'd my addreſſes: if you don't deſiſt I ſhall expect proper ſatisfaction.

Miſs R. Sir Charles I *have* croſs'd your addreſſes, and mean to give you *proper* ſatisfaction, at a *proper time.*

Enter MR. HALE.

Oh! you are come moſt fortunately, Mr. Hale; Sir Charles ſeems reſolv'd to have the widow right or wrong, contrary to her own inclinations and our pretenſions.

Mr. H. To be ſure I can't dance, cock my hat, ſing an Opera air, repeat ſoft lines, and ſwear a thouſand falſe oaths; but what o' that: her ladyſhip is a woman of underſtanding: it muſt be ſubſtance and merit, both in purſe and perſon, that will perſuade her. I'm ſtrong and hearty, ſound, wind and limb; here is perſuaſion from head to foot. I am Lady Supple's choice.

Enter LADY SUPPLE.

Miſs R. So look'd the Paphian Goddeſs, when riſing from the ſea, and with ſuch extaſy the God of war flew from the field to her embrace.

Sir Cha. That flight exceeds all the lies I ever told her. [*Aſide.*

Mr. H. I ſhou'd have thought him nearer the mark to have ſaid "So Vulcan look'd when coming from his forge, and I am Venus in breeches flying to his embrace." [*Aſide.*

Sir

Sir Cha. But this young gentleman ſhall not carry matters ſo. Your ladyſhip's humble ſervant.

Ly. Supple. Ah! Sir Charles, Leſlie! Mr. Hale too, I proteſt. I beg pardon, but the attraction of Sir Rakeiſh is ſo powerful, I really did not ſee you, gentlemen.

Mr. H. Your ladyſhip may pleaſe your eye with a fair appearance, a kickſhaw, a mere puft paſte, a whipp'd trifle; but, madam, conſider, I have an hundred thouſand pounds in my pocket: ſtock in abundance: no mortgage, on my perſon or eſtate: both free from incumbrances, as this indenture witneſſeth.

Sir Cha. Tempting offers you have made—ſtock! the lady can't converſe with your ſtock; drink tea with your ſtock; go to the Opera with your ſtock; dance—

Miſs R. No ſir, a young fellow's worth a million of your ſtock. I am your rival. Look at me. I hope I make a better figure than a bundle of tallies, or a roll of orders.

Mr. H. Not you, indeed: They are of value; but ſuch a thing as thee. Here's Engliſh oak, an hundred years a growing, an hundred in perfection, and an hundred decaying, you'll allow, Younker, that I am ſomething more of a man than you are.

Miſs R. Yes, I allow you are much older, pray ma'am, do you like a man the better for being old? ha! ha!

Mr. H. But, madam, I am no rake, no libertine, your hours of reſt ſhall never be broken by me.

Sir Charles. No, that I'll be ſworn they won't.

Mr. H. I don't employ my money in paying taylors for fantaſtic habits, my back ſhall never be a foundation for tradeſmen to erect ſummer houſes.

Miſs

Miſs R. How can you liſten to him ma'am? the old wicked deceiver.

Mr. H. A wicked deceiver—ma'am, do I look like a deceiver, ſir, my reputation's too firmly eſtabliſh'd to be hurt by your raillery. I am a man of integrity, and confine my addreſſes to this lady only; think of no other,—admire no other, love no other, and can be made happy by no other.

Miſs R. Sly ſinner! Ah you wicked devil!—What and you this morning, had not an interview with an artleſs, fooliſh girl, you made her no offer, no preſents.—"The ſweets of lilies, "jeſſamin, and roſes, dwell on thoſe lips.—"Were I poſſeſs'd of Ovid's ſoftneſs, I ſhou'd "want art to tell the vaſtneſs of my paſſion."—— Has he ever utter'd raptures like theſe to your ladyſhip?

Lady Sup. Never that I recollect.

Mr. H. No, nor any one elſe, it's all his own invention, my lady.

Miſs R. Invention! Now, madam, hear a moſt ſolemn repetition of his own words, "'Till now, my chief and only bliſs was wealth. But you have made me a convert. This purſe is yours."

Mr. H. Confuſion!—How the devil ſhould *he* know all this. (*aſide.*)

Miſs R. Mine, ſir?—your's, is it not Mr. Hale?—"This ring is your's, and this Bank bill, were they not all yours? Ha! ha!—give me a ſmile to live upon."—A lovely fellow to be ſmil'd on.

Mr. H. I am thunderſtruck, trick'd, bubbled, and diſappointed; damn'd jilt, I have not courage to attempt an excuſe,—confound it,—ſir.—

Miſs R.

Miſs R. And, ſir.——

Mr. H. I don't underſtand.

Lady Sup. Then I underſtand you are a wicked, old diſſembler, and wou'd betray me to miſery.

Miſs R. Yes, and has baſely attempted to ruin a woman of Virtue.

Sir Cha. And yet poor devil he bid high,—'tis pity he ſhou'd be baulk'd, ſhe was a cruel, hard hearted baggage to betray you thus.

Mr. H. Madam, I ſhall find a time to juſtify myſelf.

Lady Sup. Then, do it now, before your accuſer, or never ſee me more.

Miſs R. Ay, now, now or never, what can you ſay?

Mr. H. I ſay, madam,—Sir,—a—that as I hope for pardon,—I wiſh,—I wiſh,—may miſery, plagues, and poverty, ſeize you all together.—

[*Exit.*

Miſs R. Ha! ha! ha!—Now my lady having defeated the enemy, I ſhall poſſeſs myſelf of the treaſure.

Sir Cha. Hold, hold, ſir, you have only routed the advanc'd guard, the main body continues unſhaken, madam, the attentions I have ſhewn you, the ſincerity with——

Miſs R. What I am to attack *you* too? With all my heart, have at you. When you addreſs a perſon of her ladyſhip's diſcerning judgement, you ſhou'd diſengage yourſelf from all other intrigues whatever, as well as our friend Hale.

Lady Sup. Surely, Sir Charles, *you* cou'd not be ſo deceit——

Miſs R. Only a ſmall piece of gallantry to divert himſelf in your abſence or ſo.

Sir Cha.

Sir Cha. Hark ye, young gentleman, I desire you'd keep within the bounds of truth and good manners. You hav' n't Mr. Hale to deal with now.

Miss R. No, I have the free, the gay, the unconfin'd, inconstant, general lover—did you not this morning protest never to see this lady again—"Psha! hang Lady Supple, she's more disgusting than the frizeur's block her head is dressed upon. Ay, and more painted."

Lady Sup. I painted! compare me to a block!

Sir C. Sir, you are——

Miss R. You did not find the picture the lady dropt this morning?

La. Sup. A block! from this moment I detest—

Sir Cha. My dear lady, be assur'd—

Miss R. Did you overtake the lady that was insulted *here.*

La. Sup. Here—under my roof?

Sir Cha. That was a woman, that——

Miss R. That you follow'd in the street, pursued into a house; made love to another lady, an assignation was the result. Mr. Bloomfield can witness, how you were trick'd there—have you discover'd who the abominable jilt is?

Sir Cha. Very well; and pray are not you asham'd of all this?

La. Sup. I think you shou'd, Sir Charles, I wish you a good day, sir—a block indeed?

Sir Cha. I scorn to intrude, madam, and notwithstanding all this facetious little gentleman has advanc'd, I hope to convince you of the very—a—hem!—sincere—affection—I bear you—and—

Miss R. A hem—sincere—Ah! ha!—the block, madam.

Sir Cha. You'd better be quiet, sir.—Ma'am, I.

La. Sup. Compare me to a block.——

Sir Cha. Ma'am, ha!—the—this damn'd block has been the ruin of me. [*Exit.*

Miſs R. Victory! victory!—veni, vidi, vici. Now your ladyſhip can't in honour deny me your hand, tis the only way you can effectually puniſh the deceit of ſuch lovers; revenge the affronts they have offer'd you, and reward my boundleſs paſſion.

La. Sup. Laird you are ſo young; but then you are ſo engaging, you can perſuade me to any thing, I—a—do conſent—I will be yours. There's no denying you.

Miſs R. Oh, my Angel, you've ſealed the bond, and from this moment I date my happineſs; I have a ſpecial licence ready, and the ceremony ſhall be perform'd directly.

Welcome bright joy to Hymen lead away,
Thus bliſs and rapture crown each future day. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Hall in* Mr. BLOOMFIELD'S *Houſe.*

PORTER. KILLRAVY *Enters.*

Kill. Sir, your ſervant.

Porter. Your ſervant. What do you want?

Kill. I want to hear ſomething to my advantage, "for I am fortune's fool."

Porter. I know nothing about you! who are you?

Kill. Why, ſir, I'm a man of no eſtate worth mentioning; for the ſea covers half the land that belong'd to it, and the tenants can't make the rent of the other half, becauſe it's all cover'd with ſtones; I am only like a great many private gentlemen here, that lives on the public; as a proof of it, I'll treat you to a bottle of wine, if there's a tavern near where *you* have credit, for the devil a teaſter myſelf has in the world.

Enter

Enter STEWARD, *ſeeing* KILLEAVY.

Stew. Oh! I am glad you are come, Sir Charles Leſlie, recommended you to my maſter; he deſir'd me to hire you immediately, and give you whatever wages you aſk'd. What had you in your laſt place?

Kill. In my laſt place, I had—I won't take the *ſame here.*

Stew. What had you from your former maſter?

Kill. Nothing at all. *He* us'd me very ill: he went to bed one night as well as any man in the world, and when he awoke in the morning he found himſelf ſtiff dead. So, I'd live with him no longer.

Stew. You've been very unfortunate; but you ſhall have good wages here. There's a ſet of new liveries come home—take one of 'em and get to buſineſs directly; we are to have a great entertainment.

Kill. To be ſure—this is luck, I was juſt going to ſeek my fortune; but I did not know where to find it.

Stew. You ſhou'd have gone abroad.

Kill. I was there before; in my travels I had a taſte for every thing. There's Ratſbone diet—and there's Poliſh diet; but the devil a morſel I cou'd find equal to our good Old Engliſh diet, and ſo, ſir, if you pleaſe to ſhew me where I am to begin my work I'll be at it directly, and the only way I wiſh to go abroad again is to ſtay at home all the reſt of my life. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter Mr. BLOOMFIELD *in full dreſs, a* gentleman, *and* ſervant.

Bloom. Where is Mr. Carefull?

Serv. In his own room, ſir.

Bloom. Deſire him to bring the money inſtantly that I order'd. (*Exit Servant.*) The new marry'd lady Supple and her bridegroom appear quite faſhionable already—*Their's* is the ſhorteſt honey moon I ever witneſs'd.

[*Enter* Mrs. BLOOMFIELD.]

Mrs. B. My dear I wiſh I cou'd have been with you ſooner, but 'twas not in my power.

[*Enter* CAREFULL *the* Steward.]

Stew. Here is five more, which makes fifteen thouſand ſince dinner, ſir.

Bloom. Very well, get the remainder inſtantly—(*Exit* Carefull.) there, ſir, is the five thouſand, and if you are inclin'd to purſue madam Fortune, her frowns have not terr fied me.

Gent. As you pleaſe, ſir.

Bloom. With all my heart—again, ſir, I'll attend you. [*Exit Gent.*

Mrs. Fi *B*fteen m*y* dear—have you been playing?

Bloom. Playing! yes, and am delighted—'tis charming—but I muſt return.

Mrs. B. Don't your loſſes diſturb you?

Bloom.

Bloom. Diſturb! no! by heaven I'd rather looſe ten times the ſum than have one ſad thought come near my heart.

Mrs. B. Say you ſo, I'll have another carriage to-morrow richly lin'd, and ſuperbly painted—O that I cou'd get a coronet—Do try for one. 'Twill be ſuch an addition to you.

Bloom. I don't think ſo.

Mrs. B. What not better to be a lord than a ſimple private gentleman?

Bloom. Not in my mind—Intereſt can make a lord, but it requires merit, manners, and inborn virtue to make a real gentleman, I have given orders, that the four elements ſhall furniſh out the table with their choiceſt delicacies—I have ſumm'd up my eſtates, and find we have a twelve-month good yet.

Mrs. B. What do you mean?

Bloom. That I had rather be lord of pleaſure, a ſingle year, than be whole ages conſuming what we have in fooliſh temperance.

Mrs. B. You get beyond all bounds! a year! and what then pray?

Bloom. Why then retire into the bench, till my debts are paid by an act of parliament, after that carry a muſket and fight for my king. If the fortune of war ſhou'd deprive me of a limb, I can end my days in that glorious eſtabliſhment provided for the brave fellows who are maim'd in defending their country.

Mrs. B. If you ſee all this ſo plainly why not endeavour to prevent it.

Bloom. No my dear, tis only you that can prevent it.

Mrs. B. Me? Do I know your income—Do you men ever ſuffer your wives to concern

themſelves with your eſtates? You muſt retrench your own expences—I will not be control'd, Mr. Bloomfield, that's my reſolution. [*Exit.*

Bloom. But you ſhall be rul'd, that's my reſolution.—Since I have found perſuaſion, good nature and indulgence all in vain, this is my laſt effort, nor can I doubt of its ſucceſs. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*a ſuperb drawing room with an elegant aſſemblage, at different amuſements—ſeveral ſervants attending.*

Enter Mr. HALE *from amongſt the company.*

Mr. H. I have receiv'd an invitation from Mr. Bloomfield, I ſhou'd not have accepted it, but to obſerve my daughter, for I hear Selby's in town, and to a certainty, he'll be of the party; but I'll watch 'em. In the mean time I may as well take a ſhare of the good things here.

[*Goes to ſideboard, looks at labels as chooſing his wine.* Killeavy *comes forwards dreſs'd in Mr. B's livery, a ſalver in his hand, in waiting.*]

Kill. Well, this is cruel! I am working hard here upon earth like a collier, or a grave digger under ground, and I am doing nothing (*ſeeing* Mr. H.) what's this you are at?

Mr. H. At. Why if you muſt know, the room is ſo warm—I was going to take a taſte of this by way of a cooler.

Kill. A taſte of this (*drinks*) Oh! for ſhame, you never can expect to ſtay here, if you go on this way. (*drinks*) Sure this wou'd be the ruin of you (*drinks*)—Here's more yet—(*drinks*) You look damn'd bad, this is the way you are killing yourſelf.

[*drinks.*

Mr. H.

Mr. H. I think it's the way *you are* killing yourſelf, you're a ſtrange fellow.

Kill. You're out—I never was more at home in my life.

Mr. H. It ſeems ſo, let me have a glaſs of wine.

Kill. That I will, a dozen, when your buſineſs is done, but come you ſhall have one glaſs to raiſe your old heart. Here's every thing—what ſhall I introduce to you.

Mr. H. No matter! any French wines. They are the cooleſt.

Kill. French! No not the devil a ſup. I'll take more care than that of you. Introducing any thing French among us is enough to ruin our conſtitution.

Mr H. I'm choaking, and this fellow keeps prating and drinking. I deſire you'll give me a glaſs of claret this moment.

Kill. To be ſure I will—let me look for it—why didn't you ſay *that* at firſt. You ſhall have plenty of claret, for that's Iriſh my Grecian—Here it is. I'll help you, and you ſhall have a bumper. Here's the land we live in, and I wiſh I was there with all my heart; O ſweet Ireland. [*ſlapping his back.*

Mr. H. What do you mean by all this freedom. Pray do you know Mr. Hale.

Kill. No, nor I don't deſire to know him: He's a ſpalpeen.———

Mr. H. What?

Kill. Why he's a dirty congrawnaigh! the ſervants here! "Our partners in exile" tell me, Mr. Hale comes whenever he's invited. Mr. Hale gives more trouble, and leſs money than any one in the houſe living or dead, they always laugh in Mr. Hale's face, when they ſee his back out of the door, for the head of Mr. Hale's thirteen was never impudent enough to look at any of us, ſo I'm ſure you'll join with

me, in pitching Mr. Hale and all ſuch cuſtomers to the devil.

Mr. H. I'll be damn'd if I do, why you infamous ſcoundrel.

Kill. Infamous! "infamy on thy head, thou fool of power, thou gander in authority."

Serv. What are you doing to Mr. Hale!

Mr. Hale. Doing?

Kill. Why ſure that's not Mr. Hale?

Serv. I tell you it is.

Kill. Well, liſtners never heard good of themſelves. He had no buſineſs liſt'ning to me, when I did not know him. *(retires up.)*

LADY SUPPLE *dreſs'd, comes forward with a gentlewoman.*

Lady Sup. Oh! my dear ma'am, only a few hours married, and do but obſerve his inhuman negligence, his cruelty after reſigning to him all I was worth in the world,—oh!——

SIR CHARLES *comes from amongſt the company.*

Sir Cha. Ah widow, no, bride I mean,—hey dey! weeping! I ſee nature will keep its courſe, as man and wife are one fleſh; ſo repentance and matrimony are inſeparable.—Why did you credit *his* aſſertions? and refuſe with ſuch indignation the offer I made you?

Lady Sup. I am moſt heartily ſorry,—Oh!

Mr. H. Ha! and I am moſt heartily glad, give you joy, ma'am, give you joy,—you deſpis'd me—I was a wicked old deceiver, and would betray you to miſery, but what cou'd you expect from ſuch a paper built thing.—Why a ſtrong puff of wind wou'd blow him into his original nothingneſs.—

neſs.—Here he comes.—I hope he has not heard me.

Miss Russell *comes forward dreſs'd as before.*

Miſs R. Ha! Sir Charles, your hand,—give me joy.—Mr. Hale, are you there?—We have been rivals,—no matter,—we are now friends,—— all is ſunſhine,—why don't you laugh my lady? (*aſide to Lady Sup.*) I ſhall expect to ſee you all at my houſe, where gaiety, feſtivity and joy, ſhall crown the hours,—look good humour'd, laugh my adorable dowager. (*aſide to Lady Supple.*)

Lady Sup. I can't laugh, but I can cry.—Oh! Oh!

Miſs R. There, true wife; always in oppoſition with the huſband. If I had bid her cry, I'll lay fifty pounds ſhe'd ha' laughed.

Sir Cha. Come, ſir, you *muſt* behave in another manner.

Miſs R. Sir, ſhe's mine, who dares interfere between a man and his wife.

Sir Cha. Her eſtate ſhall be taken care of.

Miſs R. That I'm in poſſeſſion of, and all her bank notes, writings, bonds and leaſes. (*to a Servant.*) Deſire one of my footmen to ſtep home, and bid Flounce inſtantly bring the ſeal'd box of papers that's in her lady's chamber.—(*exit Servant.*) I am lord of her, and all ſhe's worth.

Sir Cha. You are a fine pert little fellow,—pray, ſir,—after all,—who the devil are you?

Miſs R. A gentleman.

Sir Cha. Of what eſtate.

Miſs R. None, but what this lady thro' her bounty has beſtow'd on me.

Lady Sup.

Lady Sup. Oh! O! O! what will become of me?

Miſs R. I'll tell you.—You ſhall retire into Wales, and live comfortably among the mountains on the fifty pounds a year, which my unbounded generoſity ſhall ſettle on you for life.

Lady Sup. If we *muſt* ſeparate, let me know your conditions.

Miſs R. I ſhall be moderate in the extreme, but for worlds I will not deviate from what I now propoſe,—I ſhall only demand out of the entire property, twenty thouſand pounds, and the mortgage you have upon this gentleman's eſtate.

(*Pointing to Sir Charles.*)

Sir Cha. The mortgage on me—Sir, you and I muſt meet,—and—

Miſs R. With all my heart, ſir, when I have ſettled this affair; I am your's, when, and where you pleaſe.

Enter Sally with a ſmall box.

Sally. A ſervant came for this box, but as I know your ladyſhip always kept papers of the utmoſt conſequence in it, I woud'n't venture to truſt it with him.

Miſs R. You were right, ſtay a moment, and you may take it back. (*unlock the box.*) Here, my lady, it ſhall be your own act and deed.—Your own free gift.

Sir Cha. Surely your ladyſhip won't yield me up a ſacrifice to one that has no regard to honour.

Lady Sup. I wou'd preſerve you Sir Charles, but it is not in my power, I muſt prevent my own total ruin.—Here is the mortgage.

Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Confuſion.

Lady Sup. And there's the twenty thouſand pounds in Bank bills, I hope you are ſatisfied?

Miſs R. Perfectly, and exonerate you from every engagement.—You on your part agree never to moleſt me, for what you have now frankly given?

Lady Sup. I do.

Miſs R. Then I take my leave.

Sir Cha. By heavens, ſir, you ſhall take my life, before you take that mortgage out of this houſe.—Draw ſir.

Miſs R. What before the ladies. Quarrel where you are ſure to be parted. (*Aſide.*) What ſhall I do? the diſcovery, whenever it occurs, ſhall be my own voluntary act I'm determin'd.

Sir Cha. I'll periſh before I ſuffer myſelf to be in the power of ſuch a villain. Relinquiſh that mortgage, or one of us dies this moment.

Miſs R. Well, ſince you are determined on an engagement with me, rely on it, you'll not find me the lad, the ſtripling you think—By all—but there is no need of paſſion—Let me tell you, you don't know who you have to deal with—I am a perſon of property—You don't imagine I am to riſque my life in a moment, and leave my affairs in ſixes and ſevens.—I muſt make my will in caſe of an accident, Flounce do you come and witneſs it.—I'll be with you in a few minutes, ſir, D—mn me if I don't. (*Exit, Sally following.*

Sir Cha. There's a little raſcal, he certainly meditates ſome act of villainy againſt me. But I'll watch him; he ſhan't eſcape, I'm reſolved—was ever mortal ſo tormented? Diſtreſs'd in circumſtance—Wretched in my love—Oh! that obdurate little Fly-away. I fear I ſhall ſee her no more—No more be bleſs'd with her agreeable prattle—

Never

Never have the pleaſure of almoſt loſing my breath in purſuit of her, the delight of looking like a fool, the felicity of being badger'd by a coxcomb, and turned out by an ugly old woman. Oh! cruel, unkind, hard-hearted woman to deprive me of all this comfort. *(Goes up the ſtage.*

Enter Mrs. BLOOMFIELD.

Mrs. Bloom. The more I think, the more dreadful it appears. Poverty, ſhame and reproach will ſoon overtake us.——To live here in town is delightful. The place where all pleaſures flow; but how ſhall I enjoy thoſe pleaſures—oh, no,—'tis paying ſlow years of repentance for haſty moments that fly ſo faſt, they ſtay not to be welcom'd.

Mr. BLOOMFIELD *comes from the Company.*

Mr. B. Well, my dear, is not this charming—now we are both pleas'd, and may our happineſs never know a change.

Enter CAREFULL.

Care. All's done, as you commanded, ſir; but with much difficulty, and a large premium I rais'd the money.

Bloom. Oh! no matter ſo I have to pay my loſſes.

Enter FATHER *and* BLOOMFIELD, *Jun.*

Father. My dear children, it grieves my old heart to mention any thing that can damp your joy, but there are at this moment three executions in your houſe.

Mrs. B. Heavens!

Bloom. Don't be alarm'd love. Sell that manor which is your ladyſhip's jointure. [*Exit Carefull.*] You have no objection, my dear?

Mrs. B.

Mrs. B. No—never ſhall I object to any thing you think right.

Bloom. It's unavoidable.

Father. Good heaven, is it come to ſo low an ebb already?—Oh, tis not to be ſupported—to prevent ſuch acute miſery to my latter days, there is but one way, that is at this inſtant to bid you eternally adieu.

Bloom. My father, whither wou'd you go?

Father. Attempt not to ſtop me.—Farewell.—I take my final leave. Adieu, my child.

(*Embraces the boy.*)

Bloom. Thou ſhalt not go unfriended, and unfurniſh'd.

Mrs. B. No, by no means: If you *will* leave us, take ſomething to guard you from neceſſity.

Father. What think you I'll give ſpeed to your misfortunes, and by depriving you of ſome of that little you have left, invite ruin to fall on you a day ſooner—no, no. (*going*)

Bloom. If not from us, take from your darling boy—here, ſir, give theſe to your grandfather, and ſay, when they are gone, you'll again ſupply him.

(*Gives him two bank notes.*)

Boy. Here, dear papa, take this. (*Giving one.*)

Father. From the child, it is———

Bloom. That—why not both, ſir.—Is this your gratitude, your love?

Boy. Oh! though I love *him* very well, I love *you* too, and ſo I'll keep *this* (*the other note*) untill I'm a man, and my *wife's* extravagance makes you go away from me, *then* I'll give it to ſupport *you*.

Father. Oh! my dear child (*embraces him*) Thy innocent prattle has afforded a leſſon that—reflect on his words, my children, I know the purity of your minds; ſhould a reformation be the happy

reſult,

reſult, in what tranquillity and content ſhall I cloſe the ſcene of life in the ſociety of you and my dear boy. (*Retires up with boy.*)

Mrs. B. Reproach, from my infant! my huſband's aged father threaten to fly from us! ſell my jointure! then miſery is inevitable. (*aſide.*)

Bloom. What, grave and thoughtful in the midſt of all you can deſire.

Mrs. B. Really, my dear, I begin to be tir'd of the formality of paying and receiving viſits; with all this buſtle, there's little ſociety, and I fear leſs ſincerity—ſay, that to-morrow you'll accompany me to our villa, and bid adieu to all this folly and diſſipation—you ſhan't deny me.

Bloom. My dear, I have a thouſand engagements that can't be diſpens'd with—then I muſt to Bath, Brighton and Newmarket, where I have horſes to run, and from the betts already made, I muſt win or loſe conſiderably.

Mrs. B. I can contain myſelf no longer, but on my knees entreat you'd ſummon all your reaſon, and with tender patience hear me.

Bloom. Riſe, my dear, I cannot bear to ſee you in this poſture. What wou'd you ſay?

Mrs. B. I'd warn you of the precipice before you. If you advance we are both inevitably loſt—think when you have ſold all how dreadful it muſt be, to be driven out by rude hands and the ſeverer law, to be forc'd to labour for our bread, be ſcorn'd by ſtrangers—ſlighted by friends, receive an alms given with a ſervere rebuke for our paſt follies, which will be yet more bitter than want itſelf, and we muſt endure it, for the fall'n wretch that will not cringe for ſupport, may linger in poverty without pity or relief.—Frugality may yet retrieve our ſinking fortune—let me beſeech you retire into the country,

for

for I am now convinc'd that where innocence inhabits, there content is only to be found.

Bloom. Be it as you pleaſe; I can't refuſe, when you thus tenderly entreat.

Mrs. B. Then I am bleſs'd! kind providence has ſav'd me from the brink of ruin, and reſtor'd me once more to every earthly happineſs.

Sir CHARLES *comes forwards.*

Sir Cha. My gentleman within here, takes a long time in ſettling his affairs.

Mr. HALE *comes forward with* EMMA. SELBY *following.*

Selby. Only ſuffer me to explain, ſir.—

Mr. Hale. Explain, ſir, what buſineſs you have with my daughter.

Sir Cha. Your daughter, and this the gentleman—yes, I ſee it is—I'm ſorry for the confuſion I occaſion'd and—come, come, do give your daughter to this man of worth and mettle.

Mr. H. Is it the right ſort of mettle? Is he a man of fortune?

Sir Cha. He's a man of honour, that's better, and from my friend Bloomfield's account, poſſeſſes truth, juſtice, and integrity; thoſe articles you don't always find about men of fortune.

Mr. H. Well, as his patron, Lord Wealthy, has got him a company, and is ſo firmly his friend, why I'll be his friend too, and tell him his father in the hour of death entreated I would give him my daughter; made me his executor, and left ten thouſand pounds to his boy George. The will and caſh I ſecreted: now I'll produce 'em; give 'em to you with all my heart, and my dear girl's hand into the bargain—

bargain—there—I am eaſier now than I have been ſince I took charge of your property.

Selby. Oh! give me joy, for—

Enter DASH *very ſhabbily dreſs'd.*

Daſh. No, no, give *me* joy—give *me* joy, I have got it—give me joy, I have got it.

Sir Cha. Got it! Got what? And why is all this joy?

Daſh. I have got my fortune—Well, aunt! What! have you heard the news; you ſeem down in the mouth; you may fret, but you can't blame me for getting what's my own.

Sir Cha. I rather think from your preſent appearance, you've loſt what was your own: when laſt I had the honour of ſeeing you, I obſerv'd a diamond ring, pin, large buckles, two watches—

Daſh. Oh! they are all gone: they and my wardrobe went to raiſe money for the council, and to carry on the ſuit. Theſe cloaths were lying by, ſo I juſt put them on for convenience, having no others. I ſhall now blaze forth with more ſplendor than ever, ſtifle me, eh! old one! I told you I'd make you ſtare, how damn'd mad they are at my good fortune.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Two men, who follow'd Mr. Daſh into the hall, deſired me to give him this. [*Exit.*

Daſh. Oh! 'tis from my friend Mr. Demur—let me ſee—(*Reads.*)

SIR,

" Every thing being now finally adjuſted,"—Bravo! I ſuppoſe here follows a draft on his banker—Law for ever—" and your part " of the property, producing only two thou- " ſand pounds; you now remain indebted to " me the ſum of ſix hundred and ſeventy three

" pounds

" pounds ſixteen ſhillings and eightpence.
" Your paying the bearer inſtantly will prevent
" his executing the writ he has againſt you,
" and the uneaſineſs which your going to priſon
" muſt occaſion in the breaſt of,—yours, Capius
" Demur, uneas-pris"—What the devil is all this?

Sir Cha. 'Tis your good fortune which we all envy ſo much.

Daſh. Well, but ſtifle me, if ever I thought of this; a priſon,—is that the great houſe he promis'd to give me poſſeſſion of.

Mr. H. Hold, young man; ſometimes out of evil good will ariſe. My deſign on this lady's perſon and property made me attentive to all the proceedings of your lawyer, by which I ſhall be enabled to free you from the gripe of a ſcoundrel, and put you in poſſeſſion of what is really yours.

Daſh. Strike me crooked, but you are a good one, you'll get me my own! take my advice tho', and don't go to law! ſtifle me, if ever I go to law while I breathe.

Sir Cha. What not to recover your right, ſir?

Daſh. No, ſir; for there's no ſuch thing as right in law I think.

Sir Cha. Don't miſtake, ſir, you have only to lament that you have fallen into bad hands: your agent was diſhoneſt—Engliſh laws like Engliſh liberty, properly treated, are our greateſt bleſſings, they were eſtabliſh'd on the nobleſt baſis to proteſt us from oppreſſion, and are the chief ſupporters of our glorious Conſtitution.

Miſs R. (within.) Is Sir Charles Leſlie there? I ſuppoſe by his patience he has thought better of the affair.

Sir Cha. My patience! You requeſted time and I have granted it. Come forth thou——

Miſs R. I will, and I hope you have ſpirit to meet me.

Sir Cha. You ſhall feel whether I have ſpirit or not.

Mr. H. No, no, though he is a little impudent—

Enter SALLY, *dreſs'd as* SIR RAKEISH.

Hey dey! why this is Sally.

Sir Cha. Sally!

Sally. Yes, I am Sally, ſir, at your ſervice—
[*Curteſies.*

Sir Cha. Where is this impoſtor, this coward, I'll make him an example. I'll ſacrifice him to—

Sally. Oh! dear ſir; don't hurt him, poor ſweet gentleman, if you had ſeen him throw himſelf on his knees to me and cry, Oh my dear Mrs. Sally, you and only you can ſave my life ſays he. Sir, ſays I, I'd have you to know, I'm a very honeſt—O nonſenſe ſays he—ho, ſir, 'tis not nonſenſe, ſays I, and I vow I'll cry out. Will you have me, ſays he. No, I won't ſays I. Only let me tell you what I want, ſays he. I know what you want well enough, ſays I. So then with all the civility, and all the modeſty in the world, ſays he, here is a purſe of guineas, if you'll ſave my life by exchanging cloaths with me. Oh ſir, who could refuſe a pretty young fellow, and a purſe of guineas.

Sir Cha. Ah! the coward.

Sally. So I did, ſir. Go boldly out, ſays he—Sir Charles will follow; and then I can eſcape. Oh, ſir, for all your paſſion, if you'd ha' ſeen him as I ſaw him, you'd have done more than that for him.

Sir Cha. His impoſitions ſhall now be check'd.

I am the inſtrument that muſt puniſh thee, thou wretch, nor think that any diſguiſe ſhall ſhield thee from—

Enter MISS RUSSELL *in* SALLY'S *cloaths.*

Miſs R. Truth and honour ſhall ſhield me. To my diſguiſe I bid adieu. It has anſwer'd every purpoſe I wiſh'd; firſt, through it I have obtain'd 20,000l. my own juſt patrimony, then knowing your mortgage was gain'd by extortion, I made bold to get that, and juſtice points you out as the right owner of it. [*Gives a bond to* SIR CHA.

Sir Cha. Generous, charming woman—ſhare it with me. Licenſe my honourable paſſion, and give me leave to love.

Miſs R. O Sir Charles! he that will love and knows what it is to love, will aſk no leave of any but himſelf—there's my fortune—there's my hand, and with thoſe be ſatisfied, you have long poſſeſſed my heart.

Sir Cha. Bloomfield, ma'am, Selby—rejoice—ay, and Lady Supple ſhall be happy, whatever your late huſband's fair demands on my eſtate may have been, ſhall be diſcharg'd moſt faithfully.

La. Sup. I aſk no more. To your agency, Mr. Hale, I commit my property, and deſire to retain only what is truly mine.

Father. (*comes forward.*) I ſee you amidſt your friends, may I venture to ſay, I participate in you return to happineſs.

Mrs. Bloom. You may, ſir.—To-morrow we ſhall retire into the country, where to ſee this company muſt be a gratification as often as our ſhatter'd fortune will allow.

Bloom. Our fortune is not ſhatter'd, not even hurt

hurt—my exceſſes have been all pretended; they were put on to awaken in *your* mind——

Mrs. B. And it *has* moſt effectually—your conduct was ſo clear a mirror of my own, that 'twas impoſſible not to ſee and bluſh at my glaring improprieties.

Father. Think not of the paſt, but to make permanent your preſent felicity—diſcard the ſycophants that us'd to ſurround you. Aſſociate with the virtuous—aſſiſt the wretched, and never ſuffer cunning villainy to ſit at your feaſt, while innocent honeſty periſhes at your door.

Mrs. B. Your advice is ſo congenial to my determinations, that I ſhall have pleaſure in following it.—But thoſe who wiſh to imitate female innocence and virtue in its higheſt ſplendor, muſt view the bright ſtars that illumine the BRITISH COURT, there they'll perceive the moſt ſuperior LESSONS FOR LADIES.

FINIS.